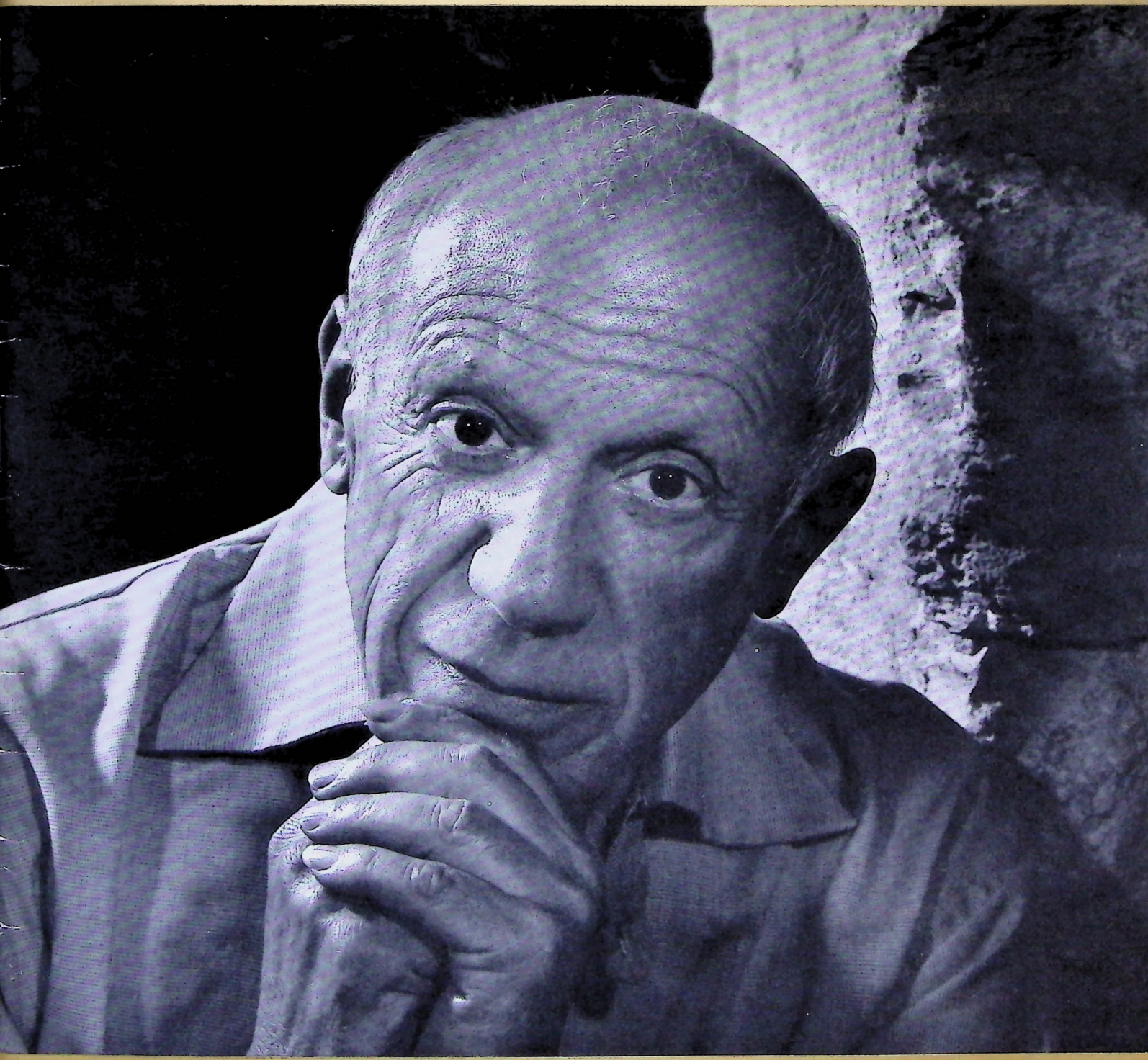
WISDOM

THE MAGAZINE OF KNOWLEDGE AND EDUCATION



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WHAT IS AN INTELLECTUAL · LIFE OF DVOŘÁK
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and other timeless articles magnificently illustrated

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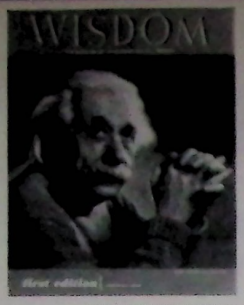
Portrait by Karsh of Ottawa

TWENTY-FIFTH ISSUE

TWO DOLLARS



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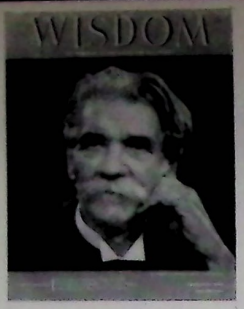

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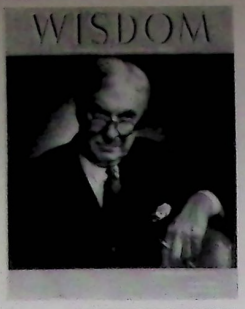

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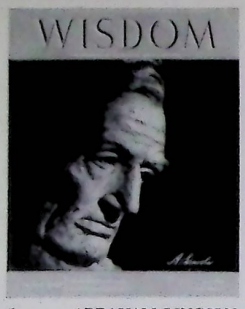

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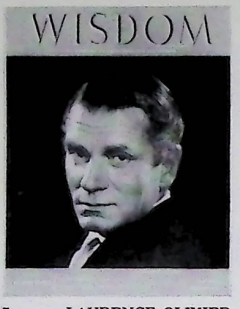

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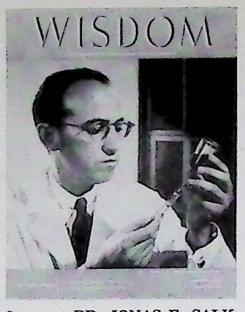

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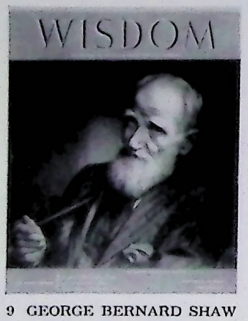

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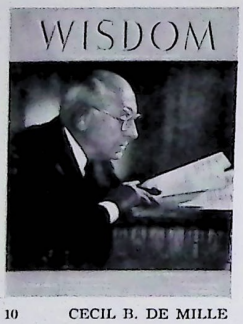

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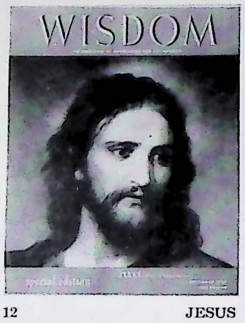

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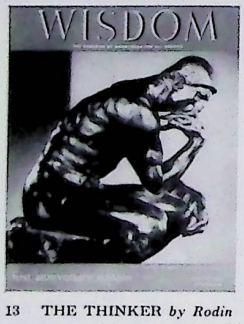

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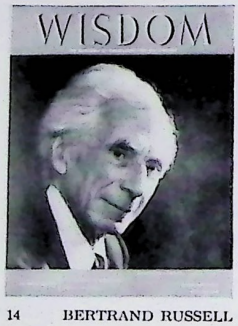

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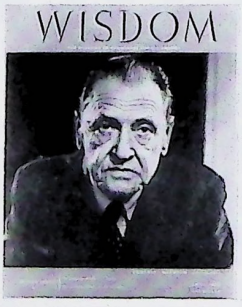

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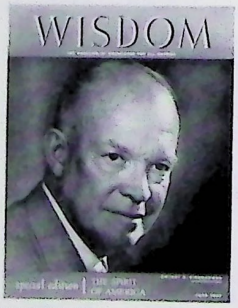

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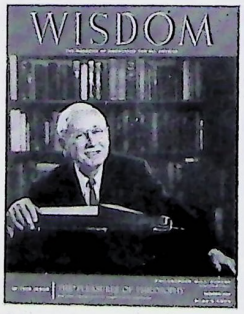

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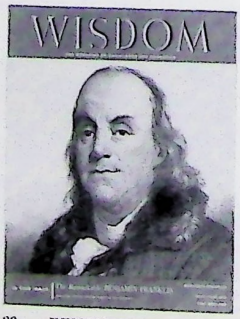

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WISDOM

THE MAGAZINE OF KNOWLEDGE AND EDUCATION

LEON GUTTERMAN
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

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Finish every day and be done with it. You have done what you could. Some blunders and some absurdities no doubt crept in. Forget them as soon as you can. Tomorrow is a new day. Begin it well and serenely with too high a spirit to be cumbered with your old nonsense. This day is all that is good and fair. It is too dear, with its hopes and invitations, to waste a moment on the yesterdays. —Ralph Waldo Emerson

There is only one way to get ready for immortality, and that is to love this life and live it as bravely and cheerfully and faithfully as we can. —Henry Van Dyke

God has not given us vast learning to solve all the problems, or unfailing wisdom to direct all the wanderings of our brothers' lives, but He has given to every one of us the power to be spiritual and, by our spirituality, to lift and enlarge and enlighten the lives we touch. —Phillips Brooks

See deep enough, and you see musically, the heart of Nature being everywhere music—if you can only reach it.
—Thomas Carlyle

There is no rule of life contained in the precept that a man should pursue his own happiness. Many men think that they are seeking happiness when they are seeking only the gratification of some particular passion, the strongest that they have. The end of man is to live conformably to nature, and he will thus obtain happiness, tranquillity of mind and contentment. —Marcus Aurelius

As for old age, embrace and love it. It abounds with pleasure if you know how to use it. The gradually declining years are among the sweetest in a man's life, and I maintain that, even when they have reached the extreme limit, they have their pleasure still. —Seneca

Thank God every morning when you get up that you have something to do which must be done, whether you like it or not. Being forced to work, and forced to do your best, will breed in you temperance, self-control, diligence, strength of will, content and a hundred other virtues which the idle never know. —Charles Kingsley

Solitude is as needful to the imagination as society is wholesome for the character. —James Russell Lowell

WISDOM OF THE AGES

Prayer is the most powerful form of energy that one can generate. The influence of prayer on the human mind and body is as demonstrable as that of secreting glands. Its results can be measured in terms of increased physical buoyancy, greater intellectual vigor, moral stamina and a deeper understanding of the realities underlying human relationships. True prayer is a way of life; the truest life is literally a way of prayer. —Dr. Alexis Carrel

It takes wit and interest and energy to be happy. The pursuit of happiness is a great activity. One must be open and alive. It is the greatest feat man has to accomplish, and spirits must flow. There must be courage. There are no easy ruts to get into which lead to happiness. A man must become interesting to himself and must become actually expressive before he can be happy. —Robert Henri

Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindness, and small obligations given habitually, are what preserve the heart and secure comfort. —William Davy

Think like a man of action and act like a man of thought.
—Henri Bergson

There is nothing so charming as the knowledge of literature which enables us to discover the infinity of things, the immensity of Nature, the heavens, the earth and the seas. It is this that has rescued the soul from obscurity: To see all things above and below, first and last, and between both is that which furnishes us wherewith to live well and happily and guides us to pass our lives without displeasure and without offense. —Cicero

The shortest and surest way to live with honor in the world is to be in reality what we would appear to be, and if we observe, we shall find that all human virtues increase and strengthen themselves by the practice and experience of them.
—Socrates

We shall be made truly wise if we be made content: content, too, not only with what we can understand, but content also with what we do not understand—the habit of mind which theologians call, and rightly, faith in God.
—Charles Kingsley

We gain nothing by being with such as ourselves: We encourage each other in mediocrity. I am always longing to be with men more excellent than myself. —Charles Lamb

A philosopher went into court in Athens, heard a case argued by the great men of that city, and saw the vote by five hundred men. Walking in the streets, someone asked him, "What do you think of Athenian justice?" "I think," he replied, "wise men argue cases, and fools decide them."

LEON GUTTERMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

THE FIRST SOCIAL OBLIGATION OF ANY MAN is his own education. We have two educations—one from teachers, the other we give ourselves. This last is the real and only education of the people—one gotten from life, from affairs, from earning one's bread; necessity, the mother of invention; responsibility, that teaches prudence and inspires respect for right.

Education is the organization of knowledge into human excellence. It is not the mere possession of knowledge, but the ability to reflect upon it and grow in wisdom. Education has one thing in common with religion. One must come to it with clean hands and a pure heart or one can never know the secret power of it. It is a spiritual revaluation of human life. Its task is to reorient the individual, to enable him to take a richer and more significant view of his experiences, to place him above and not within the system of his beliefs and ideals. Education gives men a new intellectual discipline and a new world view. With education comes a new hope for the race. Mankind needs only learn the laws of wisdom and obey them to become wise and happy and good. Education dispels ignorance and superstition and sets the mind free.

Education is the art of making living itself an art. It is the achievement of human excellence; it transcends both the useful and the ornamental. It is a way of life, just as truly as the religious life is a way of life, or the moral life. An educated person is one who knows the significance of what he does, and he is one who cannot and will not do certain things. He has acquired a sense of values. He has a "yes" and a "no," and they are his own. He knows why he behaves as he does. He has learned what to prefer, for he has lived in the presence of things that are preferable.

When all is said, the ignorance and folly of men are things that institutions cannot cure. Each must discover the path of wisdom for himself. One does not "get" an education anywhere. One becomes an educated person by virtue of patient study, quiet meditation, intellectual courage, and a life devoted to the discovery and service of wisdom. Education requires time. The only time wasted is that spent trying to save time. The formal training one receives in an institution is but the introduction. Most people never get beyond a mere bowing acquaintance with knowledge.

Whoever would face the light of wisdom must turn his back on the crowd and its shadows. He must climb into another world of values. The educated man thinks differently. His beliefs are different from those of the herd. He is being set free from its delusions, even from what it holds to be important. This is not because he wishes to be aloof or superior, but because he is gaining a different conception of what believing itself is. He has a new approach to things in general, new habits of judging. He is beginning to form his own judgments, and to judge is to weigh, to consider, to question, to seek evidence, to doubt. It is the function of education to lure the individual out of the pack and give him opportunity to know his own mind, a thing he can never do so long as he runs and barks and bites along with all the rest.

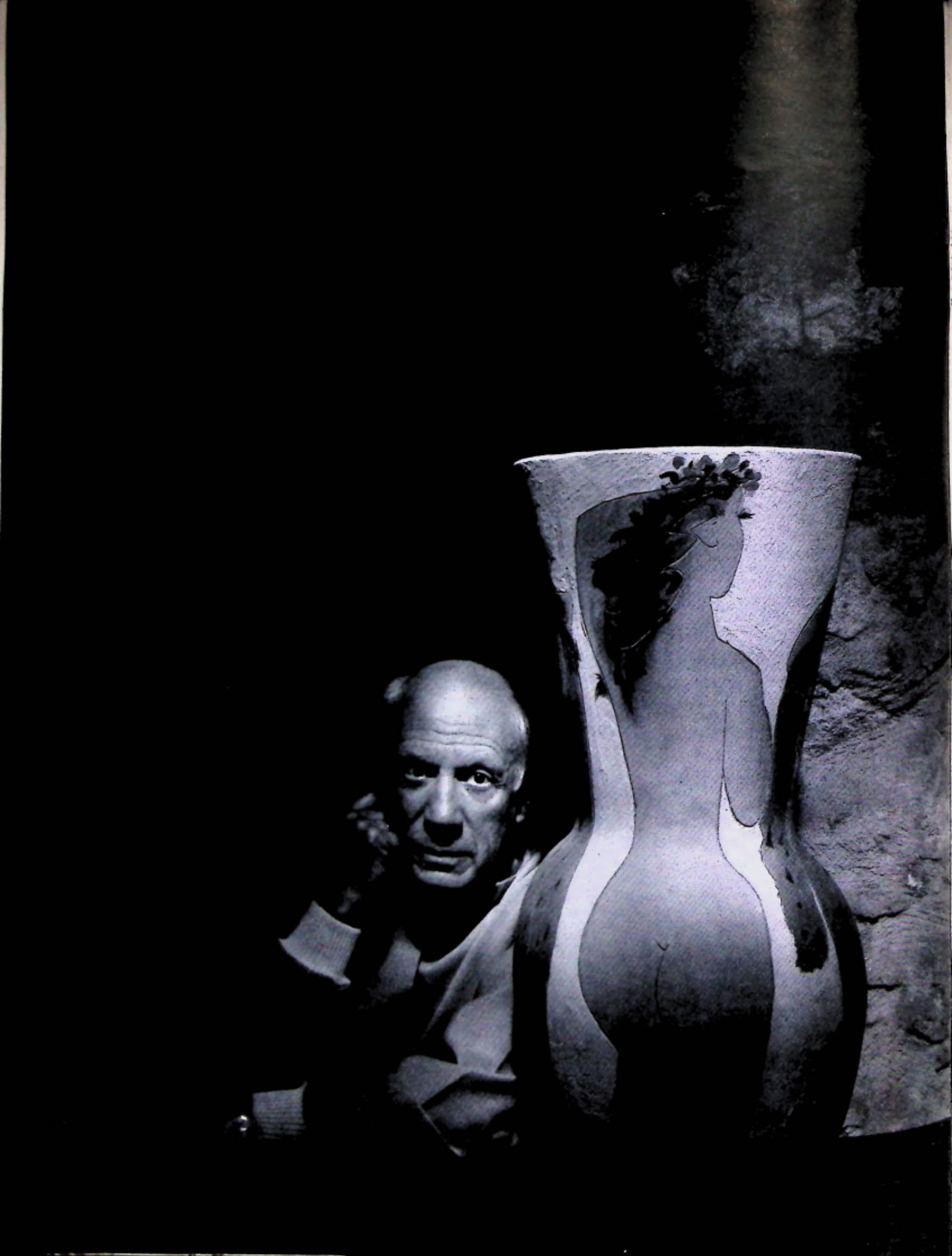
WISDOM MAGAZINE is seeking to make of adult education something which will broaden the interests and sympathies of people regardless of their daily occupation—or along with it—to lift men's thought out of the monotony and drudgery which are the common lot, to free the mind from servitude and herd opinion, to train habits of judgment and of appreciation of value, to carry on the struggle for human excellence in our day and generation, to dispel prejudice by better knowledge of self, to enlist all men, in the measure that they have capacity for it, in the achievement of wisdom.

There is something more valuable than wealth, there is something more sacred than peace. As Humboldt said, "the finest fruit earth holds up to its Maker is a man. To ripen, lift, and educate a man is the first duty. Business, law, learning, science, and religion are only the scaffolding with which to build a man."

In a sense no living person is yet educated, for the learning process is never completed.

Leon Gutterman

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER



Picasso

GREATEST LIVING PAINTER OF MODERN ART

by Maurice Raynal

OVERLOOKING THE WARM, DEEP VEIN OF HUMANITY that runs through all Picasso's work, those who discuss it lose their way as often as not in artful dialectics that miss the point altogether. Yet how is it possible, they seem to say, to scale his monumental effusions, to analyse their dramatic counterpoint, their interwoven themes of life and death, without resorting to such points of reference and comparison as philosophy, aesthetics, music and literature will provide? Perhaps there is consolation in the fact that Picasso himself is fully alive to the problems his art raises, and admits as much. Admiring a canvas by Juan Gris, he once confided to the dealer Kahnweiler: "What a pleasure it is to find a painter who knows exactly what he's about."

All we can do, then, in the face of an art that pulsates with a poetic, spontaneous, uprushing life of its own, is to hail or to challenge it, not to classify it. To be avoided first of all are those ponderous considerations which can have no sense or bearing apart from a really human approach.

Taine believed a work of art to be largely the product of prevailing circumstances of time and place. And though determinism is now outmoded, Picasso would seem to give it implicit credence when he says, characteristically: "You can't get away from your own country." Some writers, nevertheless, have alleged that Picasso is actually of Italian extraction, and point to a portrait of the Duchess of Galliera by one Matteo Picasso, in the Palazzo Rosso at Genoa. But we do better to side with Guillermo de Torre, who, in an interesting article published at Tenerife in 1936, puts Picasso down as a pure Spaniard and gives his name as an Italian corruption of the authentically Spanish name of "Picazo," probably Italianized when one of his ancestors settled for a time in Italy.

The known facts of Picasso's family background are of more interest to us here. His mother, Maria Picasso, was Andalusian and came of an ancient family of Majorcan goldsmiths. His father, José Ruiz Blasco, came from the Basque country; he was a painter himself and earned his living as a drawing master. He took his son in hand, fostered his brilliant gifts, and soon had the good sense to realize that he had nothing left to teach the boy.

Picasso's art inevitably took its rise in the shadow of the great Spanish tradition, of that specific form of dramatic realism common to all the great Spanish masters, unmistakably reflected in Picasso's earliest youthful works. What we also find in them is a mode of expression governed by spontaneity, freely inspired rather than confident or resolute, inclined to cry out its message in one breath rather than to grope for the most suitable phrasing. Yet, even then, his work has a restless quality about it, as if its maker were already haunted by those visions of better things that had stirred the will to revolt in so many great Spaniards before him.

Obviously then, whether we like it or not, there is much to be said for Taine's theories, at least up to a point. No artist arises out of the void. Even Picasso has his antecedents and these, as we shall see, have played their part in his development.

At the age of fourteen he painted a *Barefoot Girl*, whose precocious excellence shows to what degree the young artist already stood in

Picasso by Karsh

possession of his means. He has never repudiated this work and, as a matter of fact, it remains in his keeping to this day. On the other hand, Picasso heartily detests the works dating from the years immediately following, those, that is, which reflect his first formal studies in Barcelona, at the Academy of Fine Arts. These, to his mind, are the mediocre fruit of academic training, empty stereotypes he was only too glad to leave behind him.

For it was not in the art schools that Picasso learned to paint. From within came the urgent need to express himself, and painting was a godsent medium for his soaring aspirations, for his personal vision of things. Let us lay stress on this fact, seen at work in the intense creative fecundity he has always shown, as his art keeps pace with his life, day by day, year by year, in contrast with more "intellectual" artists, notorious for their meager output. So eruptive a force is painting with him that it never occurs to him to go out on a chosen site, easel, box and brushes under arm, and work from nature. He has always painted (and still does) at any time of day or night, regardless of where he may find himself. Expression is immediate; he will whittle a figure out of the nearest stick of wood he finds to hand, paint with his bare fingers, draw with a rusty nail. His spontaneity remains in a permanent state of alert. At its beck and call are the incomparable swiftness and surety with which his hand and eye go together, prompted by the subtle workings of a sensibility that responds to the least vibration from without. Yet, always keyed up, almost painfully responsive to outward stimuli, his sensibility is kept in bounds by congenital mechanisms of self-defense that spare him the efforts Matisse is obliged to make to "organize" his responses. At twenty Picasso was painting works in which a mature sense of discipline seems largely to have shouldered out the natural ebullience of youth. Already the future creator of Cubism had accepted the credentials of the mind over those of the senses, holding aloof from the romantic outpourings and melo-dramatic tonal clashes in which so many of his Catalan friends reveled. Why was this so? Was Picasso in the grip, unwittingly perhaps, of Spain's immemorial ascetic traditions? For my part, I would point rather to the picaresque spirit that looks upon extravagance with a knowing, disillusioned smile, and to the ancient Moorish fatalism summed up in the Spanish word "nada," the best reply to men's efforts to overstep the bounds it is given them to move within. Later, of course, there were times in his career when Picasso felt compelled to violate, or rather to widen and refashion those bounds, enlisted by exceptional circumstances that called forth the storm of his expression. This he has always brought off as only he can, with magnificent ardor, and withal a bulwark of logic and discipline.

However, in the fact that now Picasso refused to be swept off his feet, we have a hint of the qualms that were gathering as he sought to see his way clear through doubts and uncertainties. Not that these disconcerted him, but neither did they allow him to think of painting merely as a pleasure-giving art or a restful pastime. He welcomed life as an adventure of the insurgent spirit; and for him painting and life were inseparable. In the early days in Barcelona, though surrounded by his friends, he felt the troubling solitude of nascent genius and the call of new horizons. It was only natural he should be drawn to Paris and thither he went, with an open mind, freed of misgivings, but little dreaming of all that lay in store for him. The idea of breaking with the past never crossed his mind, and he continued, at least at first, to mix chiefly with the Spanish friends he found there. But he knew that in Paris the depths of his solitude would more quickly be peopled with echoes, more quickly enriched. He brought with him from Barcelona a buoyant, venturesome spirit, that in fact of a man who enjoyed risk and ambition. He looked to the future with confidence, though, in his own mind, with many hopes still vague and formless. What he could not then know was that in Paris, in the wake of temporary setbacks and privations, he was to find himself entirely and make good the conquest of a New World in art, whose gestation he had always half divined, but whose actual development he soon saw, much to his surprise, write off an outgoing era and herald a new one.

We have seen the extent to which Picasso's sensibility is that of a born painter who, because he cannot do otherwise, reacts to the world and sizes it up in terms of his art. So it is that nature for him, far from being the emanation of an ineffable presence, is a living thing, vast yet subtly companionable, to which his own pulse beats in unison. His attitude to her, however, is anything but sentimental. It was not for the idylls of shady forests or distant shores that he left Barcelona, for always the city remains Picasso's natural habitat. He has no heart for the monastic and contemplative; he rubs shoulders with life, his element is movement, contact, ferment.

In Paris he struck up friendships on all sides, and in these he found a leaven of inspiration he cannot do without. He found it too in the city streets, where he roamed incessantly, solitary, observant, and in the galleries of the museums.

The life of the streets, the museums—here we strike the poles of Picasso's early art. All his efforts now were bent to a single end: that of fashioning a mode of expression in the likeness of his own feelings towards all that surrounded and impinged on him. Yet he looked for the essence of things in the work of art. And he realized that to distill this essence himself, the most advanced point of departure was not reality and nature, but the works of other artists. We must not think that he began merely to deal in second-hand emotions; these lie at the origin of many great works of art, transfigured by the same creative spirit that Picasso now brought to bear on them.

As he embarked on his Blue Period, both Picasso's art and his personality found an immediate echo in Paris, in particular among the artists of our little circle in Montmartre. Commanding at once a measure of prestige that went unchallenged, he drew into his orbit any number of painters, poets and writers, won to his side as soon as they got to know him.

Unfamiliar as we were with the Spanish turn of mind, Picasso seemed to us to move within an aura of mystery. We marveled at the contrast between the gravity of his art, now brooding, now flaring up dramatically, and the genial good-nature of the man himself, his effervescent sense of humor and love of a good joke. It was known, of course, that now and then he fell a prey to those typically Spanish fits of depression that usually came when least expected; but not realizing how deep they went, we put them down to the vicissitudes of Bohemian life in Paris.

This disconcerting union of good humor and near-despair had already found its type-character in Toulouse-Lautrec, who had passed away in 1901, but whose influence remained very much alive. We were all intrigued and fascinated by this strange, legendary figure, who on his deathbed, with sullen irony, pronounced life to be "a fine thing, they say," yet whose art, with its unflagging vigor of line, struck us as a matchless example of keeping the chin up in the face of things whatever the handicaps.

However, the moods behind Picasso's Blue Period were not quite the same. Running through Picasso's entire creative output, from his youth to the present day, is a current of intense pathos, at times subdued, calm, deeply tragic, at times withdrawn, cool, almost indifferent. And now, in his studio in the Boulevard de Clichy, as the Blue Period began, down from the walls came all the works laden with memories of Barcelona, Jugendstil, Mucha, Maurice Denis, Lautrec and Vuillard. In their place, covering over the rickety board-walls, there soon appeared a whole new family of pictures in blue, depicting scene after forlorn scene of weary, hopeless people and their poverty-stricken lives. His art changed

almost overnight. No more still lifes, no more interiors of cafés, bars and dance-halls. At twenty Picasso had fallen to brooding over the human condition. With a pessimism that often recurred in later years, he commiserated with the lot of the humble and poor, not simply because he knew at first hand their daily struggle to keep body and soul together, but because the darker side of life awakened the deepest echo in his generous, impulsive nature. Unwilling, however, even in the direst straits, to sacrifice his smile, he kept a fund of good humor in reserve. He lampooned, for example, the frivolous rich in an amusing sketch of two well-bred gentlemen, each with his monocle, top hat and silver-tipped cane, amiably passing the time of day with a dignified lady of fashion in a stylish hat and high-heeled shoes, tilting her lorgnette on the end of her nose—all three blissfully unaware of the fact that they are stark naked.

But Picasso took his finest themes from the nostalgic, vagrant world of the *cirque forain*—strolling acrobats and harlequins, lonely, pathetic, emaciated figures pursuing an eternal dream of better things, of rest at journey's end. Picasso's own life, though inseparable from the city, was a nomadic existence much like theirs. He, too, counted on companionship to break a solitude that weighed heavily at times.

So for now he shared the transient joys and persistent sadness of these imaginary figures. He broke all contact with gaudy color and rakish arabesques, the unselfconscious pleasures of the eye. What was painting lifted from the context of real-life vicissitudes? For Picasso a work of art took effect in the midriff, not in the eye; it dealt in human emotions, not in pleasing trifles. And if it were to carry weight, emotion had to be conveyed by simple, forthright means, free of artifice. Thus the stark, discreet, often trenchant draftsmanship of Blue Period pictures, the trim, spare, meticulous lines limning subjects with which the artist is wholeheartedly in sympathy, eddying here and there into gentle curves that temper the prevailing asceticism of the composition. The persistence of blue adds a note of sad, mellow resignation to the melody of these lines, creating a peculiar atmosphere of gentility and discretion, at once tender and distant, warm and cool.

This unchanging monochrome, with more or less uniform backgrounds, was a powerful factor in getting down to the utter simplicity Picasso desired; it ruled out all extraneous matter and precluded the accidents of chance effects, which would have been out of place here.

It is perhaps difficult for us today to imagine the zeal he put into the works of his Blue Period. I was privileged to watch him paint several of these pictures. He was obviously so wrapped up in the subject he had in mind that, even when they bore no physical resemblance to himself, he seemed to inject his very life-blood into the figures appearing on the canvas. Painting with a handful of small brushes, he seemed to be literally extracting lines from the cardboard or canvas with a pair of pliers; the linework sprang rapidly to life, as if he had led it out by the hand. The fact that in no time at all he could complete a whole composition, however intricate, is proof of the trance-like state that came over him, his private world, which he seemed to enter and leave almost at will.

And though certainly a vaster one than he perhaps yet realized, it was a world in which now, for the first time, he could express the full measure of his compassion for human failings, his sympathy with the human plight.

Picasso moved on from his Blue to his Rose Period. Settling for good in Paris in the spring of 1904, he made his studio in a tenement building in Montmartre which Max Jacob had christened the "Bateau Lavoir"—the boat wash-house. He fell in almost at once with a merry crowd of artists, poets and writers.

With his Rose Period Picasso made the first of those entirely new experiments in painting that soon followed one another like a series of chain reactions. The specific problems of painting now passed in review, one by one, as Picasso girded himself for launching Cubism, certainly the most significant movement in art since the Renaissance.

His exceptional gifts were now at one with the principle that warrants the painter in regarding his art as a specific, highly developed element of nature, and in thus concluding, as have so many masters of the past, that it may best be studied not in nature herself but in the museums. The upshot was that, ceasing to be looked upon as merely another means of expression, painting became an end in itself. Considered hitherto as the art of representing a given subject by means of hard-and-fast rules that had only to be learned, painting saw its shackles fall away before the prospect of complete autonomy. Taken in conjunction with the aesthetic directives behind them, its means were now deemed sufficient in themselves to put across emotions purely pictorial in nature, quite independent of anecdote or representation.

To be sure, several years had to elapse before these new ideas could be adequately expressed. In many ways, however, Picasso's Rose Period provides an interesting preview of what was to come, as we see him, first of all, breaking abruptly with the blue melancholy of the past few years. One color doing duty as well as another, he switched over now to rose, a deep-veined, full-blown pink. He turned to freshly conceived figures, delivered from the taciturn introspection of the old ones. They seemed to say Yes to life, and wore, if not happy smiles, at least a serene demeanor. Ousting the tall, stooping figures of the Blue Period came good-looking, well-fed men and women. Draftsmanship gave way to form, and we no longer find a stark network of outlines rimming more or less symbolic patches of flat color. Picasso reverted to modeling, but modeling used with an ulterior purpose. Taking shape was a formal poetry no longer commiserative and humanitarian, but purely pictorial. Free of the distress and misgivings that lay behind the Blue Period, he gave himself up to subtle plays of colored forms, not motivated now by human but by plastic considerations. Abandoning his expressionist treatment of harlequins and saltimbanques, Picasso handled his Rose Period figures not as people or portraits, but as "heads" and "bodies," while many of the nudes recall the static placidity of Greek statuary. From the individual he moved on to the type, signifying his figures rather than representing them, lifting them on to a general plane where they blended into the mind's initial conception of them.

These new subjects show Picasso in the throes of a new problem, and in their very expressionlessness we divine his single-minded concern for style. Constantly fining down the saliencies of form, polishing the elegant, disciplinary framework of his line, he made his way towards a new classicism. And this he carried, in the event, to an unsurpassable degree of perfection. It is no exaggeration to say that several compositions of the Rose Period stand comparison with the noblest masterpieces of painting.

Perfection of this kind might well put his whole future under a cloud. Would he now, like so many artists, settle down to producing the same pictures for the rest of his life? All his efforts seemed to have come to a deadlock, and we may imagine him anxiously weighing the prospects before him. For he realized that to persist in the manner he had so carefully fashioned, lavishing the best of himself, could only lead him to the sterility of mannerism. Facing the dilemma squarely, he took an heroic decision, deliberately turning his back on all he had just accomplished and striking out in an entirely new direction. The results came in almost immediately.

Cubism will almost certainly prove to be the dominant art movement of the 20th century. It was given to me to watch it take shape close at hand, and though bound, in all fairness, to re-echo the well-established fact that to Picasso goes the credit for its

initial discovery, I would add that Cubism was thereafter developed in common by a select group of artists, spurred on by a keenly fraternal spirit of give-and-take. Let me add, too, that it is wrong to regard Picasso as an inveterate Cubist, the militant leader of a movement. His entire output is a continuous, dazzling series of experiments inspired by an inexhaustible creative imagination, whose power of alchemy swept his art from the compassionate realism of his youth to the soaring metaphysical visions his genius has since given us.

All his life Picasso has had a horror of confusing issues. As soon as he had laid down the main lines of cubist aesthetic, he kept to them resolutely. Yet, with a mind to consolidating the resources of his means, he made it a rule to examine the paths of research mapped out by his elders, and even to assimilate whatever might serve his turn in their respective manners. Thus Gauguin, for instance, came in for an appraisal of this kind. Though his yearning for the exotic and ornamental may seem out of place here, Picasso discerned in Gauguin a tendency to intimate rather than imitate, and this stirred his interest. Gauguin worked out theories of what he called equivalence and synthesis; he painted chiefly in flat colors, a procedure in keeping with the idea of suggesting architectural form on the picture-surface. After him came the Fauvism of Matisse, which only served to strengthen Picasso's view of nature as a wide-open field of investigation, and of the subject as merely a springboard for imaginative flights.

His way of thinking, however, is that of a free man, not of an anarchist. The masters he reveres are El Greco and Goya when it comes to expressing the passionate exaltations of a poet's temperament, Poussin, Ingres, Corot, Cézanne and Seurat for the care they took to contain emotion within the modest bounds of classical discipline. Ingres brought home to Picasso his own indifference to the subject; with his use of local tints and his expression of form through color, Ingres also prefigured the opposition in store for Delacroix's use of impressionist atmosphere. Picasso admired Seurat's restless, probing spirit of research. There was first of all his creation of a new technique, Divisionism, based on the idea of building up form by light, the (to Picasso's mind) perfected and only acceptable form of Impressionism. Then, too, Seurat had defined painting as "the art of hollowing a surface." The problem of spatial recession has haunted the great painters of all time. One convention being as good as another, Seurat seemed to say, why not try to suggest depth without resorting to the over-simple rules of perspective? And he proceeded to give a practical demonstration of one way of doing so.

But Cézanne's approach was even more interesting to Picasso. The Fauves, in their impetuous haste, had watered his art down to suit themselves, adding what decorative spice they could borrow from Gauguin. Others had done no more than exploit his notion of *cylinders, cones and spheres*, forcing geometry on nature indiscriminately. Picasso followed up Cézanne in a different way. Instead of working cubes into her, he retreated from nature, the better to imagine a new, more highly developed form of representation.

So great in fact were the liberties Picasso took with nature that he interposed an utter difference of kind, no longer merely of degree, between works of art inspired by nature and pure creations of pictorial forms.

If Picasso may justly rank with the greatest masters of the portrait—and this is the consensus of opinion—most of the credit goes to his miraculous gifts as a draftsman capable of bringing the human figure to life in a space created by linework alone. When the fancy takes him, he can give back a flawless, not to say hallucinating likeness of his sitter, though he does so only on occasion. As a rule his interest lies elsewhere. Always probing for the underlying permanence in his subject, he sums up what we might call the purely formal and dynamic in a human face, its almost mask-like essence, a strangely revelatory immobility whose expression yields all that a conventionally modeled portrait does and more. For Picasso the subject can be nothing apart from the form conferred on it by the concerted action of the painter's eye and mind, his mysterious power of transformation—or perhaps alchemy is the only word for it.

Experiments have shown that the human face is really two in one—two faces alternately coming together and drawing apart. If we take photographs of a single face, cut them down the middle and juxtapose the halves, two quite different portraits can be obtained, each of which betrays the eerie fixity of a mask. Picasso gets the same effect in painting. He has a knack of bypassing the casual and temporal, of eliciting the "eternal look" of a face. The result is, as we might expect, that the figures he paints often reflect whatever their eyes happen to be fixed upon. Perhaps his *Harlequin* is the child of Picasso's recurring pessimism; in any case, from behind the mask of his face, the eyes stare out on a vacant world.

Having achieved the maximum in the way of dynamic effects, Picasso fell back on such exercises in discipline as *The Studio*, for example, in which he re-established the static balance of lines that had been scattered to the winds by the weltering forms of his Dinard Period. He tried his hand once more at orderly systems of linear abstraction, stark geometric diagrams, the figments of impeccable architectural logic. But these, as it turned out, were in the nature of a fond farewell to the grave and sober data of the reasoning faculties.

The keener the mind, the more alive it is to the shortcomings and precariousness of human knowledge. Picasso is endowed—or afflicted—with this insight; he knows that all doubts are justified. Nor does he make any secret of the fact that he repeatedly works on in the dark, taking steps that lead he cannot say where, guided by mysterious forces whose only parallel are those that veil the great incoherencies of nature herself. Boundless as is his lust for life, he has never closed his eyes to the preposterousness of it all, to that feverish absurdity inherent in modern life of which Alfred Jarry had already set up as a first, inimitable spokesman more than fifty years ago. Picasso in turn took up the challenge. He determined to defeat the absurd at its own game by holding up a mirror to it, as it were, a mirror of his own devising, peopled with the monstrous images of human cruelty and fanaticism. Picasso has invariably responded to mythology and legend. Now he made play with their stock figures, imagined others, and metamorphosed them all, prompted by his incredibly inventive poetic imagination which, when his art is at stake, spurns every proposal of the rational mind. He gives no quarter to reason when it attempts to deflect his fancy and agrees with Ingres that "the artist who follows his ruler and compass follows a phantom." Now, as always, Picasso put his trust in the uprush of his unconscious, and it came through with a host of astonishing "monsters," partaking for the most part of fable and myth, but sometimes quite traditional in conception.

Here, as so often in the past, we find Picasso's imagination boldly positing a new reality, the vehicle both for his sardonic mockery of the world's evils and for his aspiring hopes of better things. He even built up a new system of anatomy, just as poets coin the words they need, and produced large, forbidding, disjointed figures which, far from being the spawn of whimsy or chance effects, were actually subtle transformations of the human body. Sometimes, it is true, they convey an exasperation verging on rage. "No satisfaction is possible here on earth save for divine or for brutish souls," wrote Montaigne. Picasso is only too well aware of this, and has never spared us the expression of his annoyance and dissatisfaction with the scheme of things.

It would be a mistake to pass off these words as merely an

incursion into the diabolical and hallucinatory. They bear, on the contrary, as those who will meet Picasso half way must realize, a profoundly human message. In them we recognize a tactic he by no means disdains, that of proceeding from a simple and particular to a universal conception of the myth. Indeed, the manner of Picasso's great metamorphoses invites comparison—making allowances for his immense technical skill—with that flair children have for converting anything at hand into the objects of their fancy, whether enchanted palaces or the rolling deck of a pirate ship.

However wholehearted—and the word, moreover, describes every phase of his career—was this foray into the absurd, it was never a reckless one. As usual, Picasso kept an eye on the objective world, which always supplies him with an abundance of pointers, more in fact than he has time to develop. Some of these he incorporated into a new series of compositions, in which he again sought that mask-like essence of the human face we spoke of in connection with his portraits. But now he painted in heavy, sinuous arabesques binding planes of brilliant color. Appearances notwithstanding, these works were intended to be neither surrealistic nor fabulous; they were new ventures into a realm of pure technique and form.

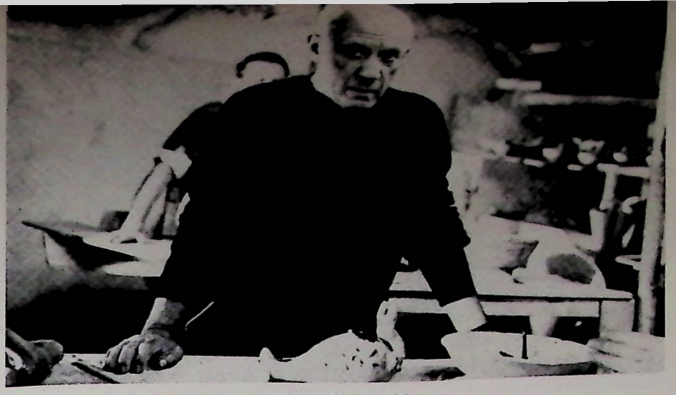
With the liberation of Paris in August 1944, Picasso suddenly found himself an object of intense international curiosity, as newspapermen, old friends and complete strangers flocked to his studio, eager to see how he had fared under the occupation. For the first time in his life he showed now at the Salon d'Automne, where an entire gallery was set aside for a large retrospective of the work he had produced during the war. Picasso shared wholeheartedly in the general wave of optimistic enthusiasm that came with the war's end the following spring. His own feelings found immediate expression in his art, and were even more freely, more joyfully reflected when he went down to Antibes, on the Riviera. For Picasso this small, sunny, Mediterranean town became a symbol of new life, new hopes, and a new sense of freedom.

At Antibes the old castle of the Grimaldi family was generously put at his disposal by its conservator, Monsieur Dor de la Souchère. Picasso fitted up one of its vast, high-ceilinged rooms as a studio and set to work at once, in a gust of fresh creative inspiration, producing in rapid succession some thirty large-scale compositions, which he presented to the Antibes Museum, housed in the castle.

Taken as a whole, these works are like a long pastoral symphony whose light-hearted themes, borrowed from mythology, interweave with carefree abandon. Picasso created a small, happy world apart, half rustic, half nautical, peopled with dancing and recumbent nymphs, frolicking centaurs, impudent fauns and satyrs, and demigods of the sea blowing their wreathed horns. Scattered amongst them, in the form of delicate still lifes, is an assortment of fish, sea urchins, octopuses, gleaming fruit, and even guitars—all of them sketched in and colored with irrepressible good spirits, as Picasso delved into his bag of tricks and paraded the whole vocabulary of pictorial rhetoric. And when we see Triton rising from the waves with his horn and lustily blowing his lungs out, instead of Wordsworth's stately line, there comes to mind a comical verse from Victor Hugo, running:

Triton trottait devant et tirait de sa conque
De si ravissants sons qu'ils ravissaient quiconque.

Picasso had regained his taste for metamorphoses, but now the old undertones of gloom and pessimism had vanished as if by enchantment. Gone are the colossal blocks of angular form with which his "monsters" had once been built up. No hint now of the sinister ogre that ravished Andromeda, no sign of the Minotaur or the Sphinx; in their place a lecherous, mischievous throng of satyrs sporting with unreluctant nymphs.



Picasso learned the potter's secrets at Vallauris, on the Mediterranean.

The first stage of a Picasso mural.

Each of Picasso's ceramic creations reflects his striking artistry.

Whatever the medium he chooses, Picasso invariably derives great pleasure from designing.

With such delightful matter for imaginative exercise, Picasso's spirited, infinitely flexible line again worked its magic, putting to flight the pompous regularity of classical drawing. Nothing could be farther from the rigors of cubist discipline. He had no qualms about gratifying his whimsies—dainty, impulsive, forcible in turn. His colors shone light and calm, like those of ripe wheat or a cloudless sky. Here we have him at his most congenial, a man, it would seem, whom the cares of life have passed by.

Picasso has nothing in common with those painters who spend a lifetime in the same studio turning out more or less the same picture. His restlessness, the demands he makes on himself, his ceaseless ventures and experiments, these had occasioned wanderings throughout the length and breadth of Spain and France. He had come to see many places since the early days in Barcelona, and of course many people; all of them contributed something to his art. Now we find him at Vallauris, a Mediterranean village not far from Antibes, where Suzanne and Georges Ramié initiated him into the potter's secrets.

As he set to kneading his first handful of clay and watched operations, Picasso felt immediately at home. How could it be otherwise? The mysterious changes of color and texture as each object was exposed to the fickle workings of the fire were bound to intrigue his imagination, stimulate his passion for metamorphosis, and excite him to test his powers. He tested the new medium with the innocence of a layman, but full of keen fantasy, enthusiasm and inventiveness. Soon a whole new province of his art had been populated with life and color, with familiar and unfamiliar forms: tea-pots in the shape of long-beaked birds, young goats shaped like jugs, vases like a woman's figure, a wealth of figurines in all shapes and sizes, so satisfying to touch and handle, not to mention a multitude of plates and platters, literally hundreds of them, in the vividest colors imaginable, decorated with birds, fish, faces, centaurs tilting lances, bullfights, still lifes with candles, cupids and pretty women, and so on without number.

Judging by the sheer bulk of his production, Picasso went at pottery with great gusto. Each object taken singly, furthermore, bespeaks the enjoyment he got in making it. It is interesting to note that here he had an opportunity of taking part again in the teamwork whose pleasures and advantages he had already experienced when launching Cubism in common with other artists. What he perhaps enjoyed most of all in ceramics was the constant improvisation it demanded, together with the element of expectation and surprise attending the various stages of the work, as objects were modeled, colored and fired. In spite of everything, however, Picasso imposed his own personality, his own linework and motifs, on all he touched, successfully braving the flame and an often refractory medium.

Unconsciously perhaps, Picasso seems to have symbolized the double nature of his art, and of his own temperament, in a canvas dating from the early Cubist Period, a *Still Life with Skull and Guitar.*

Here we have the poles between which his far-ranging genius moves, its universality partaking continuously of opposites—death, on the one hand, on the other the songs and laughter of life. In his work of the past two or three years he has pored over these themes repeatedly in canvases picturing goats' skulls seen in the light of solitary candles that burn on impassibly, like the tapers or torches of a funeral procession long since gone by. The skull and the candle—for decades these have been standing symbols with Picasso. They have recurred with haunting regularity since the war. Taken, as they must be taken, in the light of recent international tensions, they are his and everyone's hopes for better times, clung to even in the shadow of imminent and actual disasters.

Picasso reacted immediately to the fighting in the Far East with his *Massacre in Korea* (1951), a large-scale painting of women and children under the guns of a relentless firing squad; one child runs away in terror, another plays happily at his mother's feet, serenely unaware of what is going on.

In 1952, again with an eye to world events, he painted his two most ambitious post-war canvases, *War* and *Peace*, the one a kind of sequel to *Guernica*, the other to the idyllic *Pastoral* done at Antibes in 1946.

But he continued to paint more intimate themes and did many pictures of his family, in particular of his youngest children, Claude and Paloma—charming, colorful works that show where his heart lies, and reveal again the warm humanity of his art, which his detractors always lose sight of. For one thing is certain: Picasso, for all the revolutionary changes he has forced on modern painting, has only destroyed what already lay in ruins. What more eloquent example can we ask for of his love of the warm, enduring things of life than the world of childhood, which today, past seventy, he never tires of painting? A little boy beside his hobbyhorse, a little girl clutching her doll, these are the themes that touch him most. He gives over scrutinizing faces with an inquisitorial eye, and, expresses their happy, buoyant, round-faced youth in the simplest possible way. Acutely analytic techniques have lost their *raison d'être*, and he works at last with that beneficent serenity to which he has always aspired, but which his sensibility, too easily set on edge, had usually compromised.

When we examine the works that stand out as peak points in Picasso's long career—the two most obvious examples are *Les Demoiselles d' Avignon* and *Guernica*—we realize the extent to which, literally possessed by his genius, the artist has been carried away by forces whose workings were a mystery even to himself. Contained within him was a second self, for whose actions he could not reply. However overworked the word may be, "genius" describes an imponderable inner compulsion that carries an artist beyond the human condition, enlisting him irremediably in a quest of absolutes. Yet how can the superhuman possibly stem from the merely human without the intervention of mysterious powers that lift the veil? Here we have a clue to Picasso's periodic excursions into the absurd—in other words, the absolute—gripped as he is by an unseen hand that points to things beyond the eye, things Picasso, with his keen taste for adventure, is only too eager to go in search of.

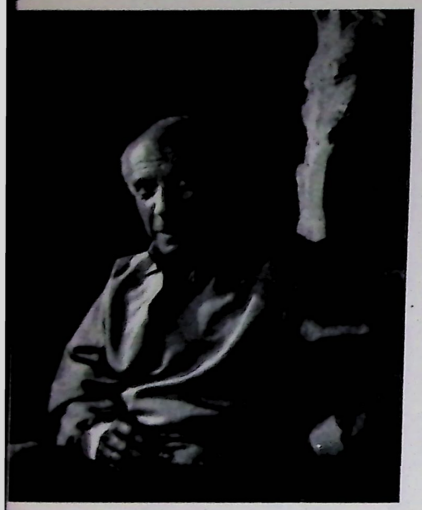
As he pursued these ambitions and fancies, however, it was only natural that he should now and then find himself on unsure ground. This has periodically given rise to foolish talk of Picasso's hoaxing a gullible public, when actually all we have is a wholesome spirit of irony that tides him over occasional lapses. Irony, whether in smiling, bitter or choleric doses, serves to vent his spleen or ease his embarrassment when he realizes he has missed the mark. Yet he rarely misses it, as we may judge in those compositions, by no means rare, in which he presses a line, a tone, or a form for all it is worth, much as an ingenious writer forces words to yield a host of unexpected overtones. No one can accuse Picasso of having held back for fear of committing himself. His art, on the contrary, is a challenge to all art, past and future.

It has been said that if we knew everything, the gods would cease to take us by the hand. But the gods themselves are not all-knowing and, in addition to what they lavished on him, Picasso looked into himself for other truths as well, which he expressed in a magnificent language whose revelations amply reward those who take the trouble to master its vocabulary. Far from being in league with malevolent spirits, as some so foolishly assert, annoyed at seeing him make no claim to supernatural powers, Picasso has done no more than draw on the most human, the most natural means within his reach in his keenness to renew the vitality of art and to reconstitute it not only as a way of *seeing* but as a way of *knowing.* ♦

CLOTHED MODEL POSING • 1954

WOMAN WITH MONKEY AND CLOWN • 1954

Picasso:



Picasso by Karsh

I care nothing for the approval of future generations, so long as I can be free now to carry human expression to a degree of light that will make the Here and Now worth living in.

Responsible only to myself, I work out of my own inner compulsion.

In my opinion to search means nothing in painting. To find, is the thing. The one who finds something no matter what it might be, at least arouses our curiosity, if not our admiration.

When I paint my object is to show what I have found and not what I am looking for.

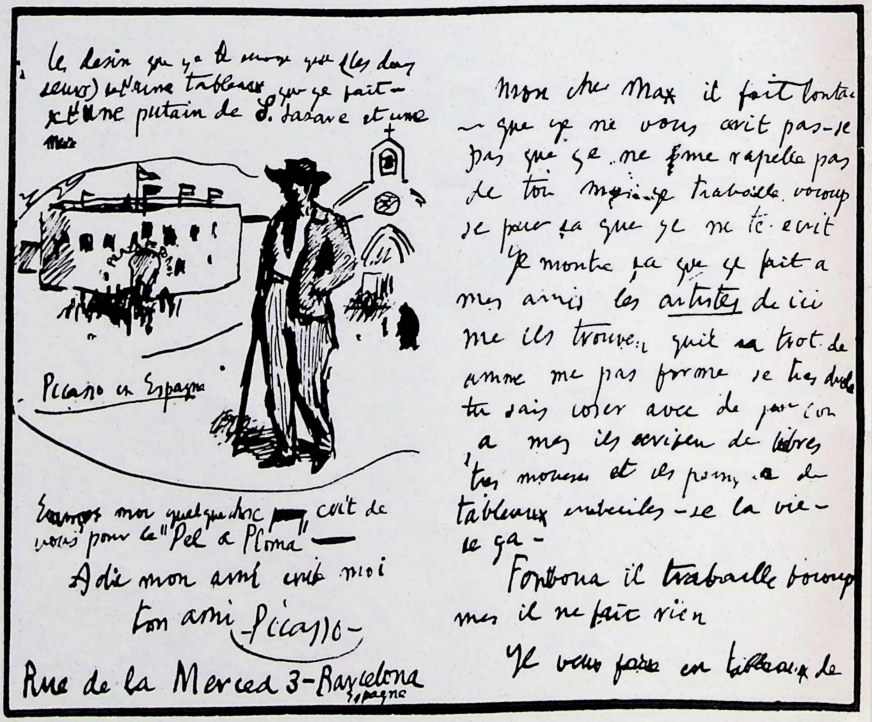
What one does is what counts and not what one had the intention of doing.

We all know that Art is not truth. Art is a lie that makes us realize truth, at least the truth that is given us to understand.

Nature and art, being two different things, cannot be the same thing. Through art we express our conception of what nature is not.

Art has always been art and not nature.

SELF-PORTRAIT • MADRID • 1901



LETTER TO MAX JACOB • 1902 • GÉRALD CRAMER COLLECTION • GENEVA

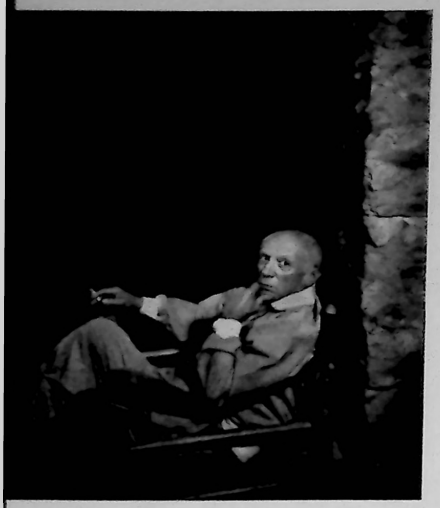
PIERROT

THE ARTIST'S SISTER, LOLA • ABOUT 1896

MOTHER AND CHILD • MUSEUM OF ART • HARVARD UNIVERSITY

THE EMBRACE • BARCELONA • 1901

Picasso:



Picasso by Karsh

For me a house is an instrument of work rather than a background for elegant living. Every room is my studio or workshop.

I have painted some pictures as an outcry and protest against war and military violence.

I am not in the least halted by time, which has posed before me only a seemingly endless range of new adventures.

I have never once failed to assert my inventive powers.

I seek my inspiration in the real. It lays hold on my imagination, stirs it and gives it new life.

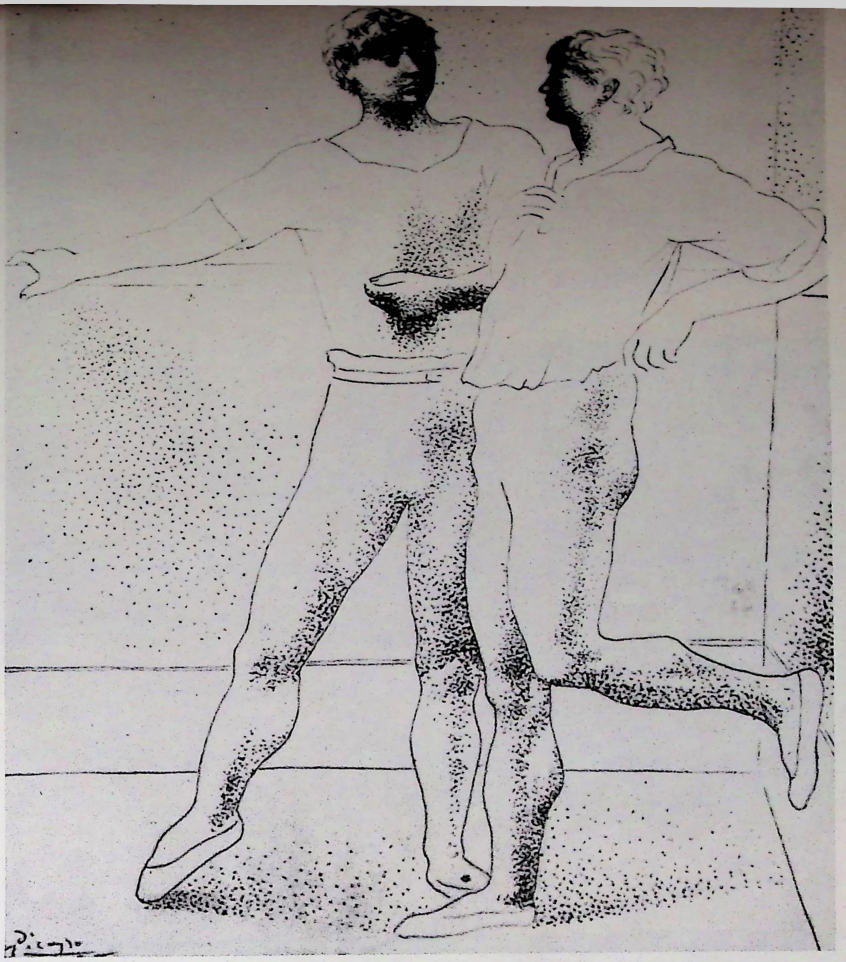
I am just an individualist who is interested in everything.

Mathematics, trigonometry, chemistry, psychoanalysis, music, and whatnot, have been related to Cubism to give it an easier interpretation. All this has been pure literature, not to say nonsense . . . When we invented Cubism we had no intention whatever of inventing Cubism. We wanted simply to express what was in us. Not one of us drew up a plan of campaign.

WOMAN AT THE MARKET • 1906
MUSEUM OF ART • BALTIMORE

THE FRUGAL REPAST
PARIS • 1904
ALFRED STIEGLITZ COLLECTION

THE MAN WITH THE DONKEY • PARIS • 1902



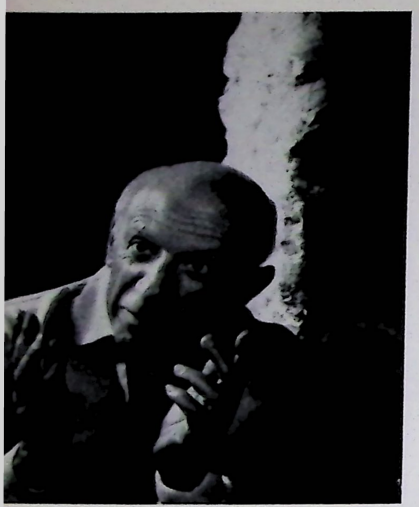
TWO DANCERS

HEAD OF A BOY • 1945

ITALIAN PEASANTS • PARIS • 1919

PORTRAIT OF MAIA, THE ARTIST'S DAUGHTER
AGED 8 • PARIS • 1943

Picasso:



Picasso by Karsh

Without the difficulties to conquer, without enigmas to solve, without mysteries to be penetrated, nothing would interest me.

Real truth is to be found only in silence.

I am, in reality, eminently curious. My curiosity outstrips that of anyone else. I am curious about everything in life, curious about dreams, curious even beyond all of the usual bounds of curiosity.

Adventure is my reason for being; if I do not seek it, still I do not flee from it.

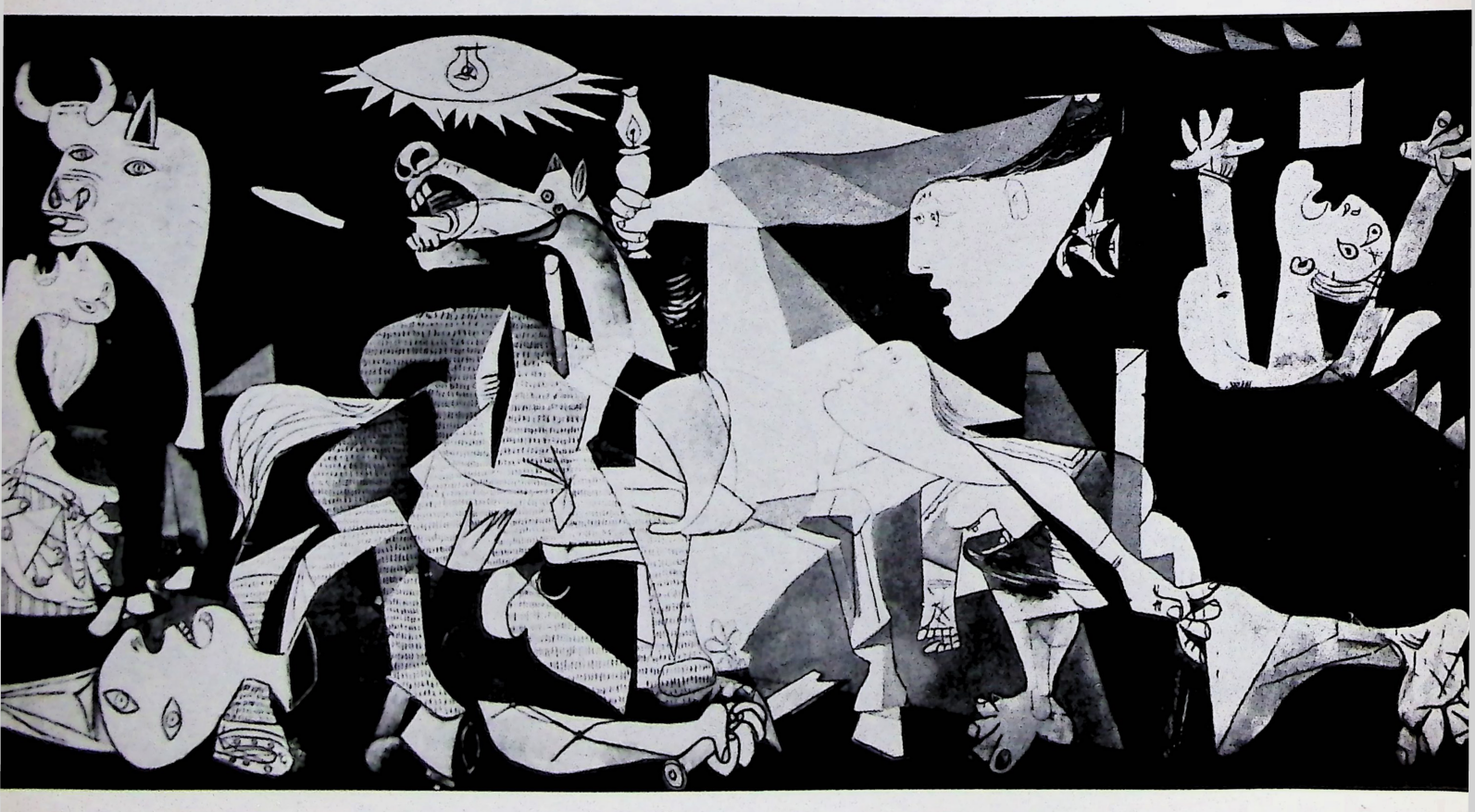
I work exclusively for myself, seeking no applause and conceding no importance to fashions and manners.

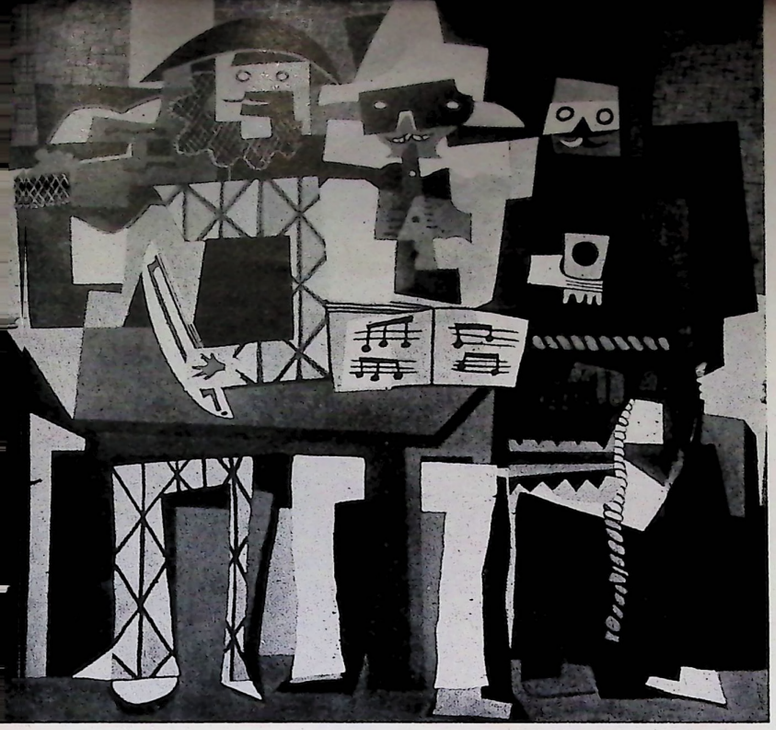
Instead of shying away from risks, I attract them, provoke them.

When I start to paint I know how to place myself in a state of inwardness.

The day will come when the sight of a painting will ease the pain of a toothache.

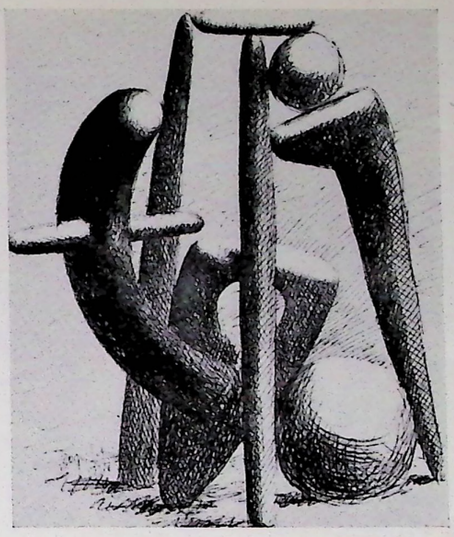
GUERNICA • 1937





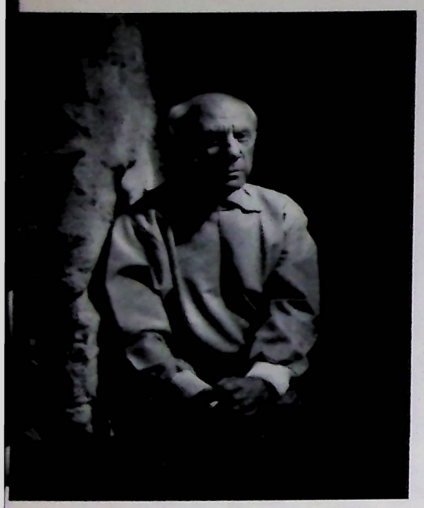
THREE MUSICIANS • 1921 • PHILADELPHIA ART MUSEUM • GALLATIN COLLECTION

DESIGN FOR A MONUMENT



HEAD OF A WOMAN • 1939

PALOMA AND HER DOLL • 1952



Picasso by Karsh

Picasso:

On ceramics and vases the artist can demonstrate his creative personality and power of invention and evocation, all with a few economical strokes of the brush, and preserve qualities of spontaneity in a manufactured object.

My ceramics are the outward reflections of an old man in love again with the world, a man whose life seems inexhaustible.

Everything I touch is revitalized and becomes an incarnation of some aspect of my own inner drama.

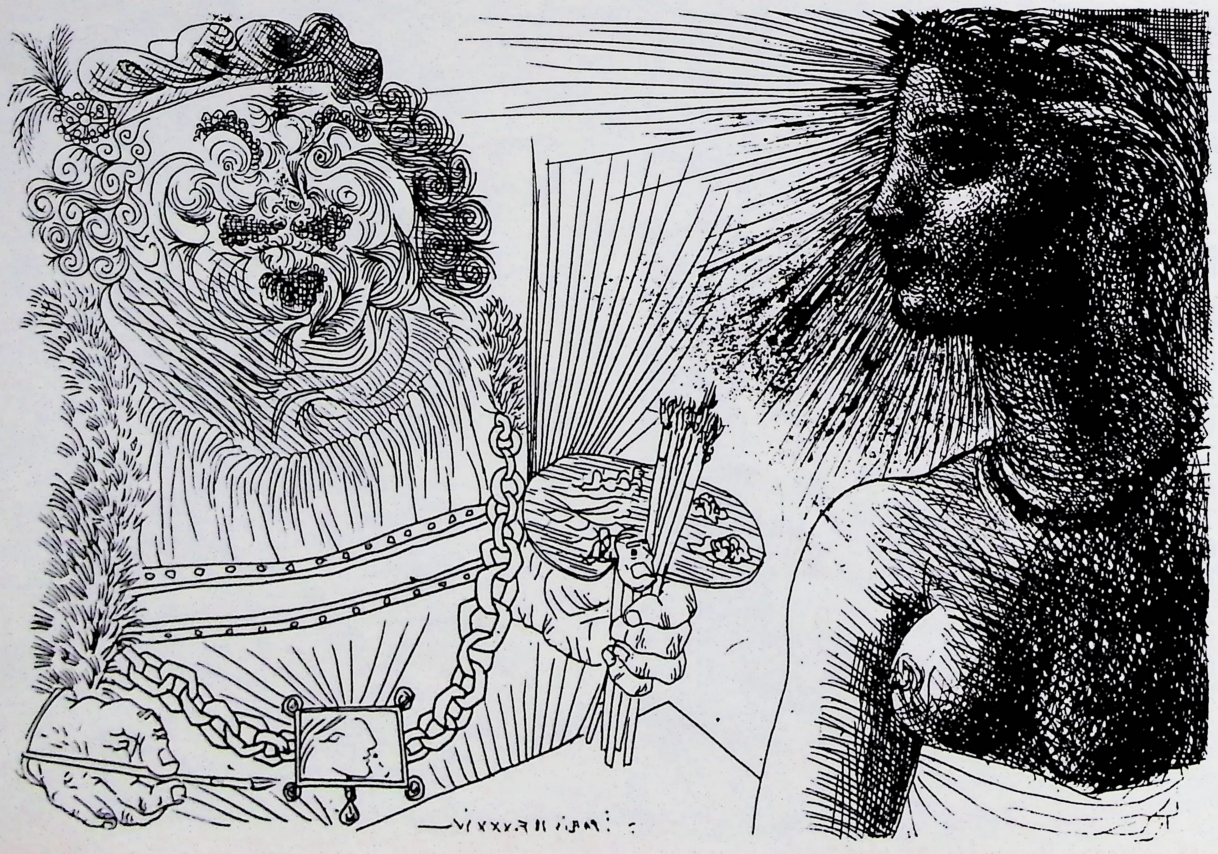
I have often tested myself against the masterpieces of the past by recreating them in my own style.

In my art there has been a rhythm between paroxysms of violence and release in peacefulness and meditation.

I often work in several styles concurrently.

For me, young children are never merely naughty or "cute". The grace and charm of my two youngest children, Claude and Paloma, have often been my subject. I have always shown an awareness of the other characteristics which make children a race apart, physically and psychologically.

YOUNG WOMAN AND SELF-PORTRAIT OF REMBRANDT • 1934



PAINTER BETWEEN TWO MODELS • 1927

BLIND MINOTAUR • 1934

YOUTH • 1950

READING • 1926

Picasso:

Picasso by Karsh

My paintings show man divorced from nature and civilization, at the mercy of somber, mysterious forces.

My art has alternated between horror and grace, between dramas of violence, which often stem directly from modern life and social experience, and peaceful meditation on the classical past.

To me there is no past or future in art. If a work of art cannot live always in the present it must not be considered at all. The art of the Greeks, of the Egyptians, of the great painters who lived in other times, is not an art of the past; perhaps it is more alive today than it ever was.

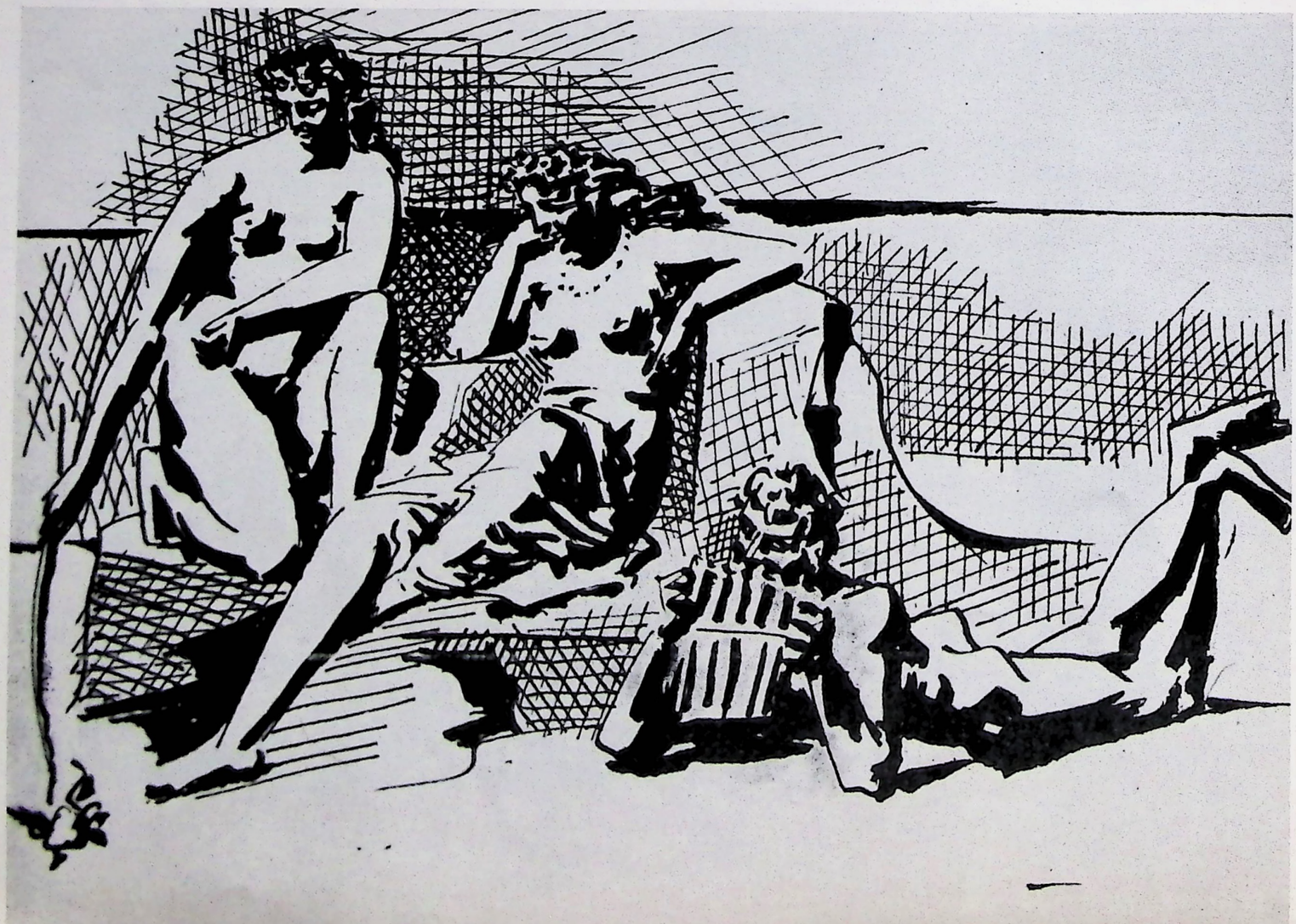
My aim is nothing less than a reconstruction of reality.

My work reflects the preoccupations of the modern mind in a vital new language of form.

I am a Spaniard and a realist, in the sense that I am not squeamish about the harsher truths of existence.

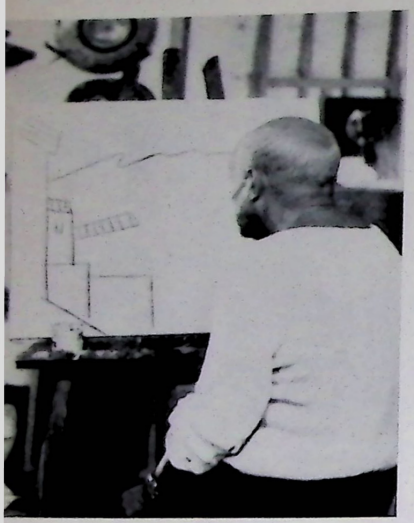
I dramatize the play of light and dark areas both for reasons of decorative unity, and to heighten the phantasmal quality of my objects.

TWO NUDES AND YOUTH PLAYING THE PIPES OF PAN • 1923



NINE HEADS • 1934

THE MANAGER FROM NEW YORK
1917 • COSTUME DESIGN



Picasso:

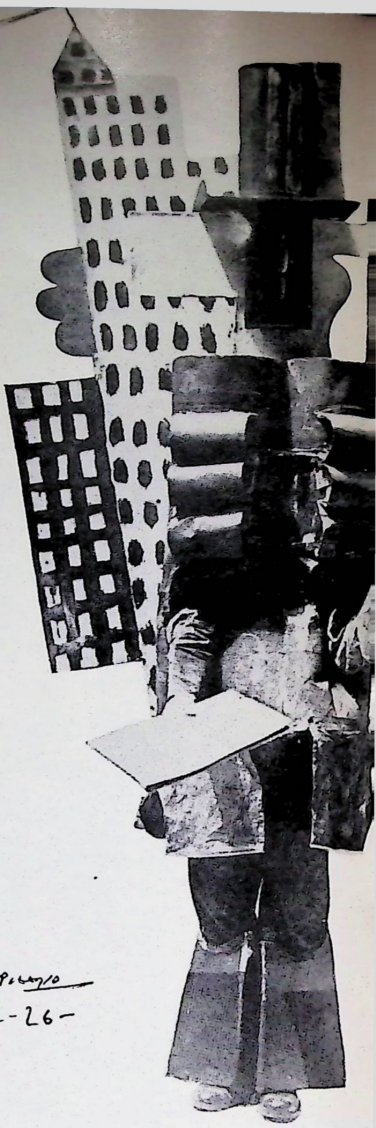
Cubism is no different from any other school of painting. The same principles and the same elements are common to all. The fact that for a long time Cubism has not been understood and that even today there are people who cannot see anything in it, means nothing. I do not read English, an English book is a blank book to me. This does not mean that the English language does not exist, and why should I blame anybody else but myself if I cannot understand what I know nothing about?

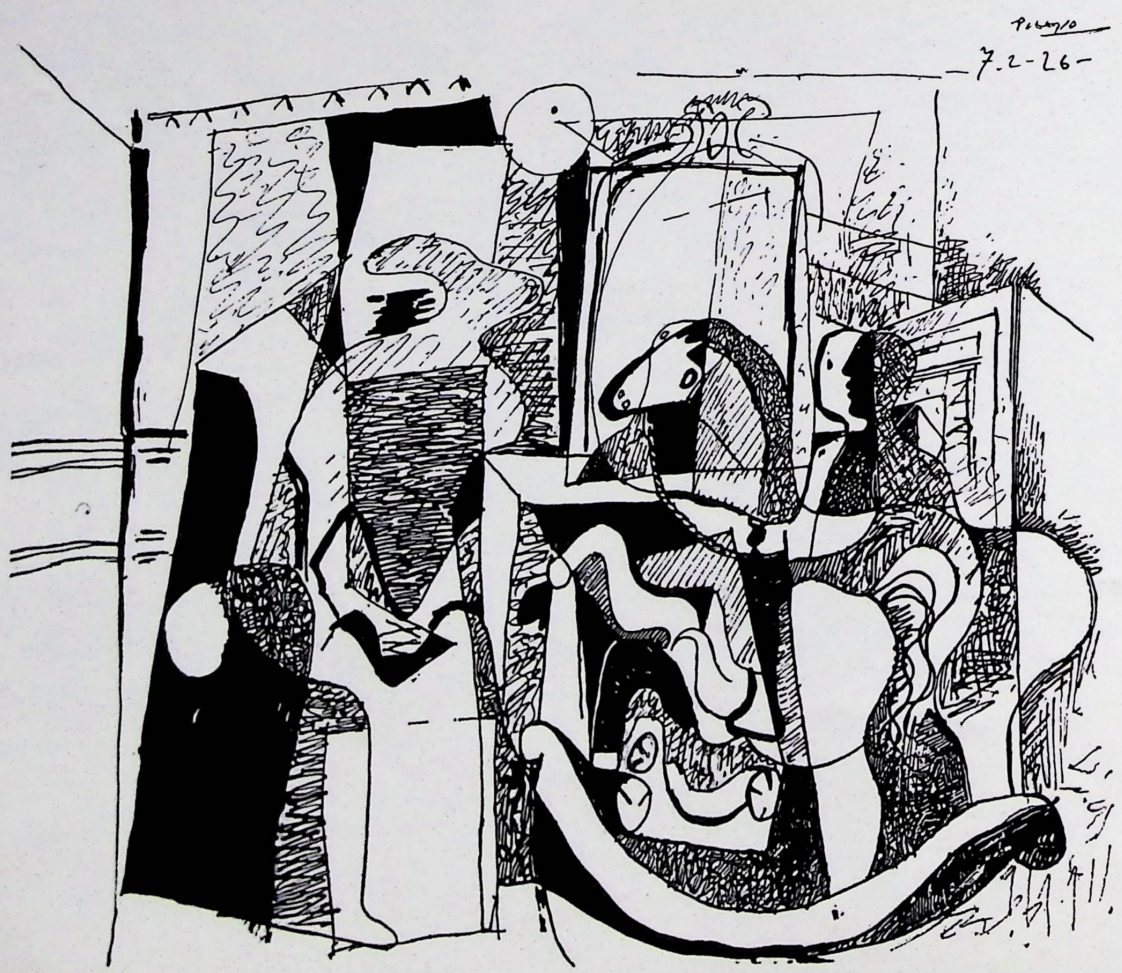
Art does not evolve by itself. The ideas of people change and with them their mode of expression.

If an artist varies his mode of expression this only means that he has changed his manner of thinking, and in changing, it might be for the better or it might be for the worse.

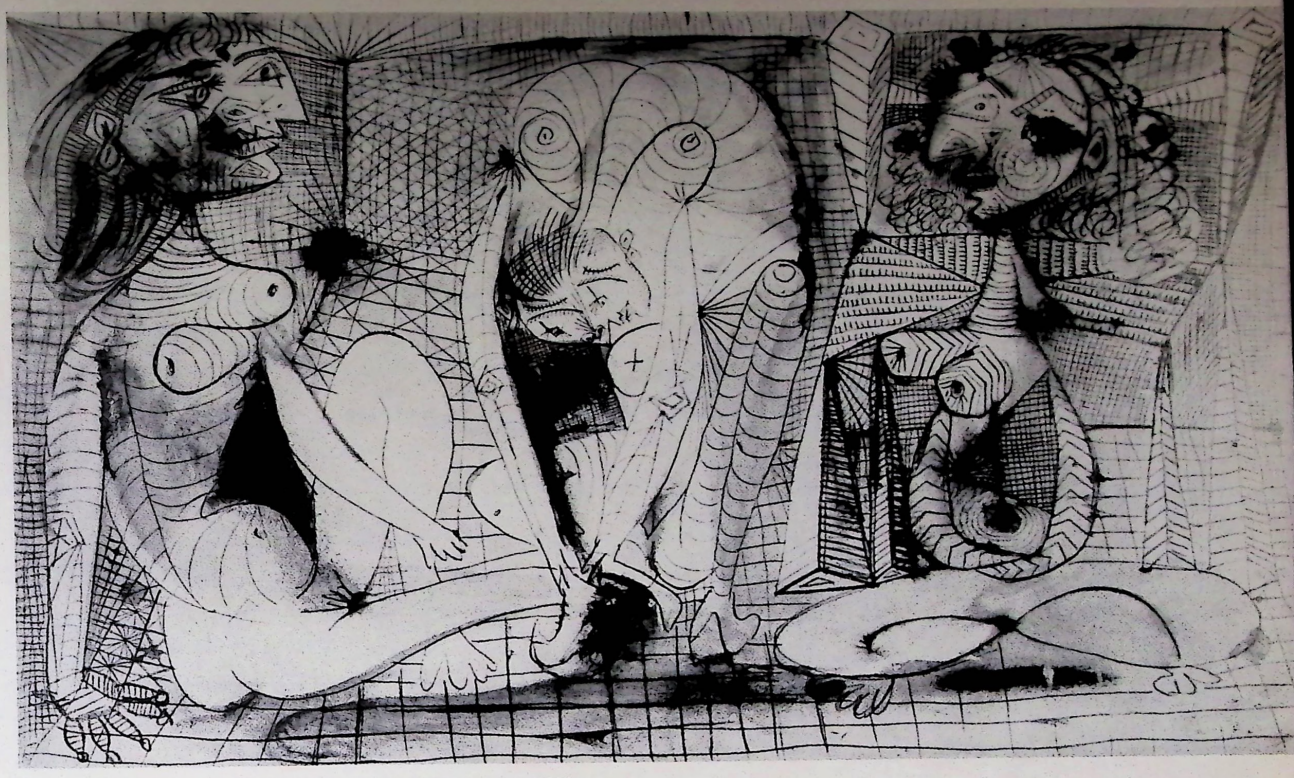
When I have found something to express, I have done it without thinking of the past or of the future.

I am destined to work on and on without respite. I am all action, and at times even carried away by a creative fury. Ideas follow one another in my mind in proportion to the number of sensations that I am capable of receiving and the observations that I register.



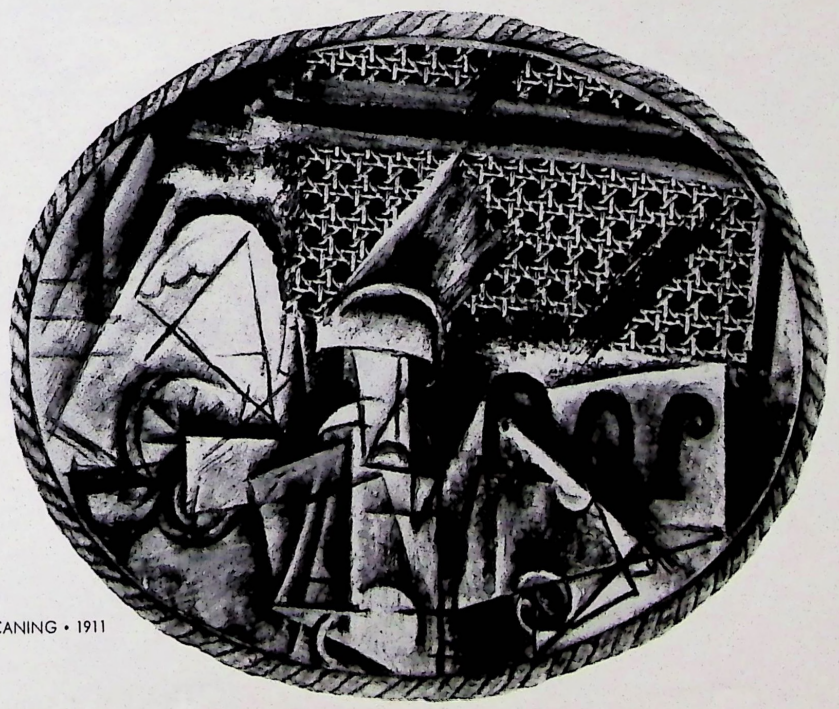


HOBBYHORSE • 1926



THREE WOMEN • 1938 • MRS. MERIC CALLERY COLLECTION • NEW YORK

BLACK HEAD • 1948 • MUSEUM OF MODERN ART



STILL LIFE WITH CHAIR CANING • 1911

Picasso:

Action and reaction, beauty and ugliness, realism and abstraction, alternate in my art.

I never sign a painting until it is sold.

With age, I become more impatient. I am always tirelessly energetic and unpredictable.

My life has been fascinating, dramatic, but never tragic.

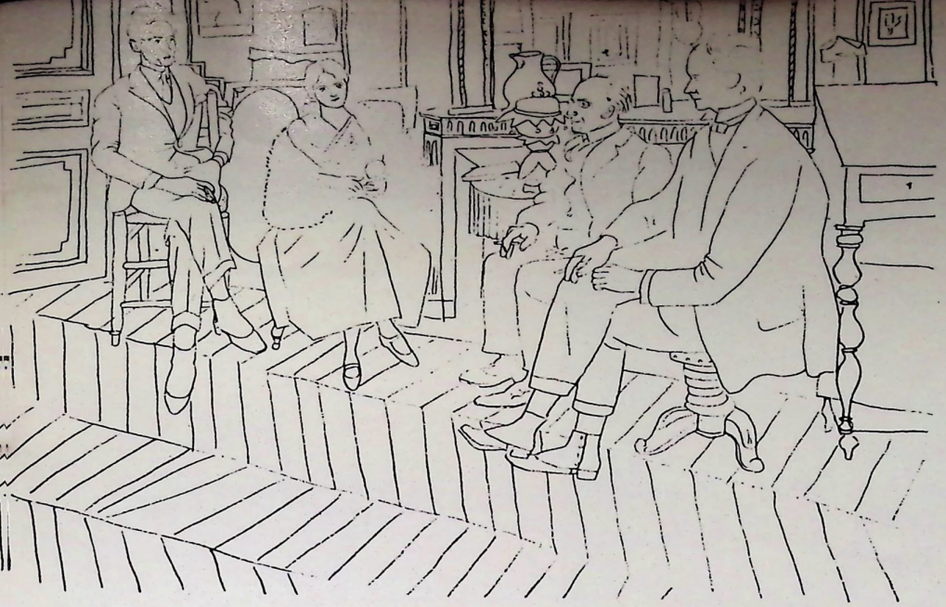
My paintings have been a landmark in the history of contemporary art. I have had the courage to risk everything for them.

Without desiring it, I have found myself acclaimed as the founder of a new form of art, and of a new school of painting—Cubism.

It is my profound hope that my work might prove to be a factor in helping to abolish future wars.

My friends and my loves are the source of my inspiration.

PAINTER'S STUDIO • 1927



THE ARTIST'S SITTING-ROOM • PARIS • 1919

PIERROT AND HARLEQUIN • 1918 • CHICAGO ART INSTITUTE
MRS. CHARLES B. GOODSPEED COLLECTION

OLD WOMAN WITH A HAT • 1903

STUDIO SCENE

THE BAHAMAS

paradise of the Indies

THE ISLANDS OF THE BAHAMAS have been in the world spotlight ever since, early on Friday morning, October 12, 1492, Christopher Columbus and the crews of his fleet, the Spanish caravels *Nina*, *Pinta* and *Santa Maria*, sighted the island now known as San Salvador.

Columbus was impressed with the lush verdancy of the islands and reported that there were several other islands in a group, according to the natives. What Admiral Columbus did not know, however, was that there were a *great many* islands and that they ranged out 300 miles to the northeast, 200 miles to the east and 300 miles to the south of San Salvador.

In a dozen or more groups, there are estimated to be 700 islands and 2,000 cays (small islands, pronounced "keys"). The islands are part of a vast limestone archipelago which consists of a series of large submarine plateaus or tables which rise abruptly from the deep water of the semi-tropical belt of the North Atlantic Ocean. Here and there parts of these plateaus rise above the water, forming islands and cays.

Nassau, on the island of New Providence, is the capital of the Bahamas. It was probably selected as such in the early days because of its deep and well protected harbour and because it is at the "crossroads" of deep waterways running in from the ocean.

Eleuthera was the first island group settled by white men who began coming here as colonists in the 17th Century. In the 1640's a group of men organized in London an association with the avowed purpose of settling in the Bahamas. Taking their name from the Greek word "eleutheros," meaning "free," they became the Society of Eleutherian Adventurers. The island upon which they settled, previously known by its Indian name of Cigatoo, became Eleuthera.

Throughout the islands British planters built a slave economy in the 18th Century, growing cotton and many other crops. When Queen Victoria emancipated the slaves in 1838 most plantations ceased operation and the lands were worked by the former slaves for their own subsistence. Through the years since then, most of the natives have taken their living from the sea.

The settlements on the Out Islands of the Bahamas are typical of sea towns throughout the world and the people are seafaring folk. There has been little change in these quaint settlements, except that some of the people have gone to Nassau to tend the wants of the growing tourist trade. But those remaining are the descendants of the original settlers and the descendants of the slaves that were brought here from various parts of Africa.

Why the term Out Islands? Nassau is the capital and everything else is "out" and "away" from Nassau, the hub of the Bahama wheel. It is a natural phrase, which grew up with the people and every attempt to change it has been met with resistance. Recently it was thought that "the resort islands of the Bahamas" was a more graceful way to explain the islands to American tourists.

"They are NOT resort islands," was the almost unanimous reply from the operators of guest houses, inns and hotels. "And my place is NOT a resort!"

Resorted communities, they contended, were places like Atlantic City, Miami Beach and Provincetown, Mass. They did not want to be associated with any place that had hustle and bustle and night clubs. Nassau, they say, is the only "resort city" of the Bahamas.

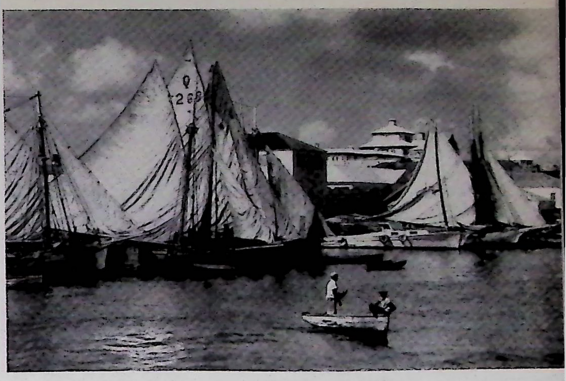
It is hard to select words to describe the Out Islands of the Bahamas. There are so many of the islands, each having its own distinct personality. What they have in common is a peace and tranquility that is unequalled elsewhere. The people are friendly. The islands have an informal type of beauty that gives the visitor the impression that man has never set foot upon them, that they are the same as they were centuries before Columbus came.

The waters throughout the Bahamas have been used as a theme for poets and song writers for many years, for they reflect every imaginable colour. Most of the colours are those found in the cool blue and green end of the spectrum. There are emerald greens, chartreuse and pastel green, vying for attention with all the blues from the palest pastel to the deepest marine blue.

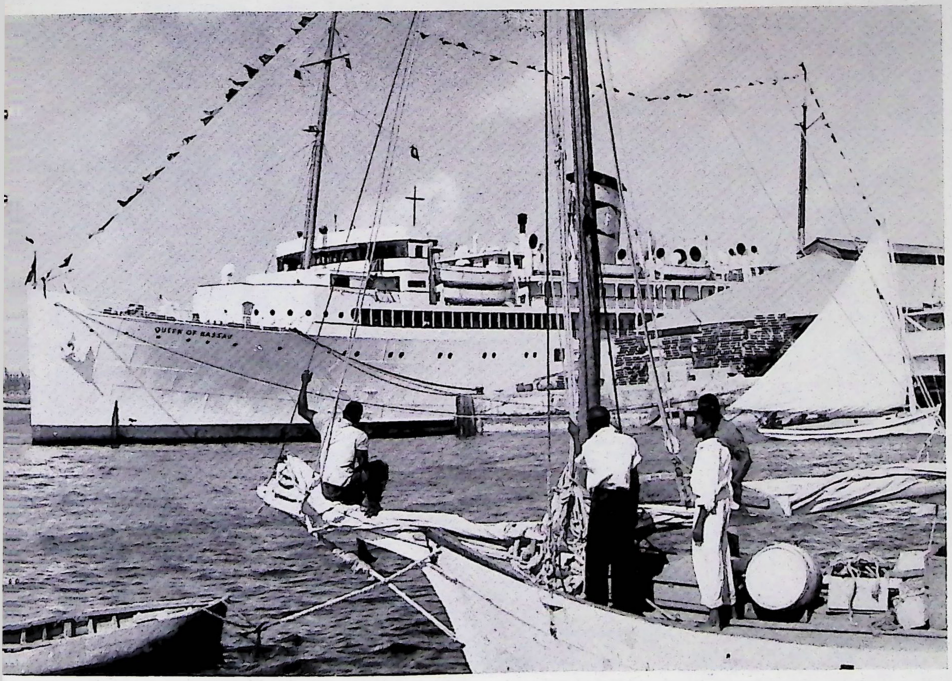
What causes the varied colour is the varying types of ocean bottom and the different depths. There is, for instance, a colour that is the closest thing to gold that is seen in nature. It is caused by the sun shining through about six inches of water on yellow sand.

Out Island beaches have beauty beyond description. On most the sand is so fine it packs into a "boulevard" upon which you can walk without leaving a footprint. The sand is finely ground shell and limestone and through it is liberally sprinkled the ground-up faces of pink shells, which give the sands a flamingo blue. ♦

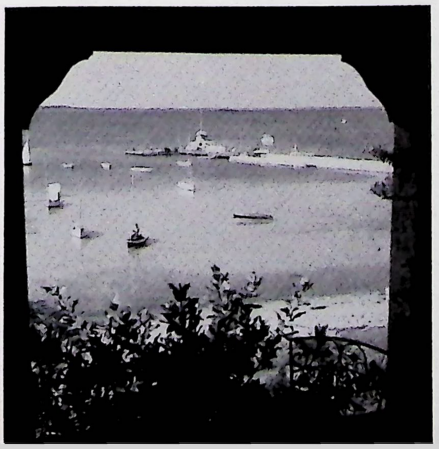
With spinnakers billowing, sleek yachts cut through the South Atlantic rollers in the annual Miami-Nassau ocean race. About 50 of the world's fastest sailing yachts take part in this famous event.



Nassau's waterfront attracts all types of sailing vessels from the surrounding islands. Here the local people gather to sell livestock, fish, and tropical produce.



The crew of a small sailing boat—one of many which ply for hire in the Bahamas —prepares to greet vacationists aboard "The Queen of Nassau."



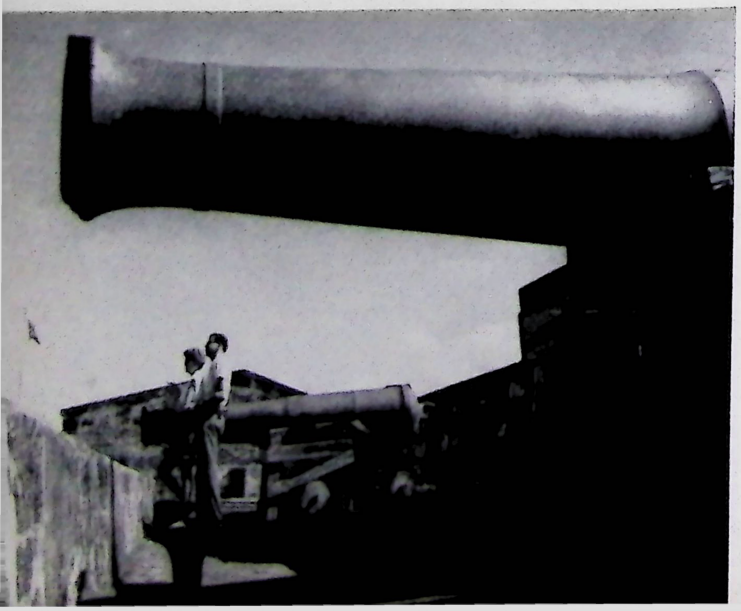
The tranquil surroundings of the many sub-tropical islands around Nassau are ideal for swimming, sailing, and relaxing.

The Queen's Staircase is located at the head of a huge man-made canyon in Nassau. Carved from the solid coral rock, the canyon was reputedly used as "cover" for troops moving back and forth between the seashore and Fort Fincastle.

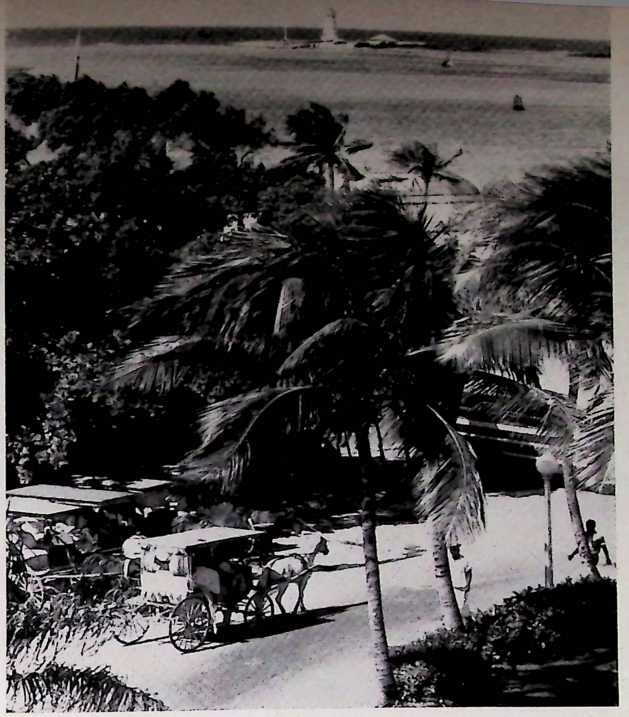
Colorful sunshades, white-helmeted policemen, and the picturesque straw market all contribute to the unique atmosphere of Nassau's Rawson Square.

Near the harbour, Nassau's gently sloping streets are lined with charming and gracious houses. Many have windows with louvered shutters, and walls colored in delicate shades of pink, blue, and yellow.

The old Nassau forts, whose heavy cannons once guarded the approaches to the city, are now favorite spots for visitors.



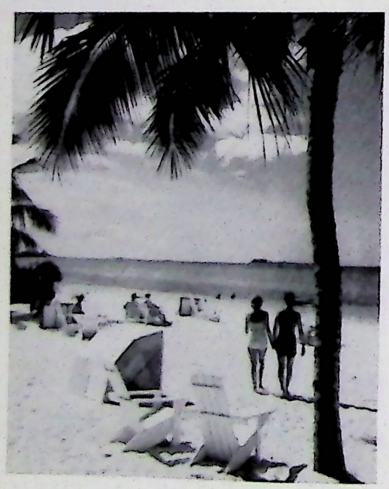
Small harbours, often partly hidden by lush vegetation, offer some of the most rewarding beauty in the Bahamas.



Still playing an effective though leisurely role in Nassau's transport system is the surrey with the fringe on top, a popular means of touring the city.

Miles of open beaches provide many attractive places for family bathing. Even far from the shore, the sandy bottom can be clearly seen through twenty feet of water.

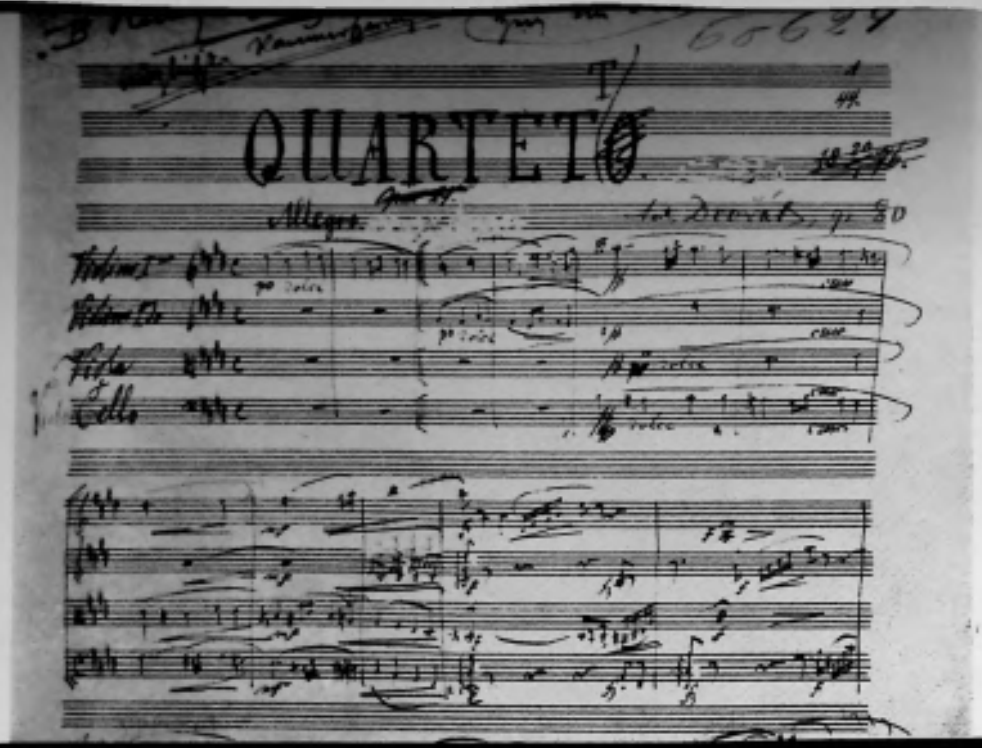
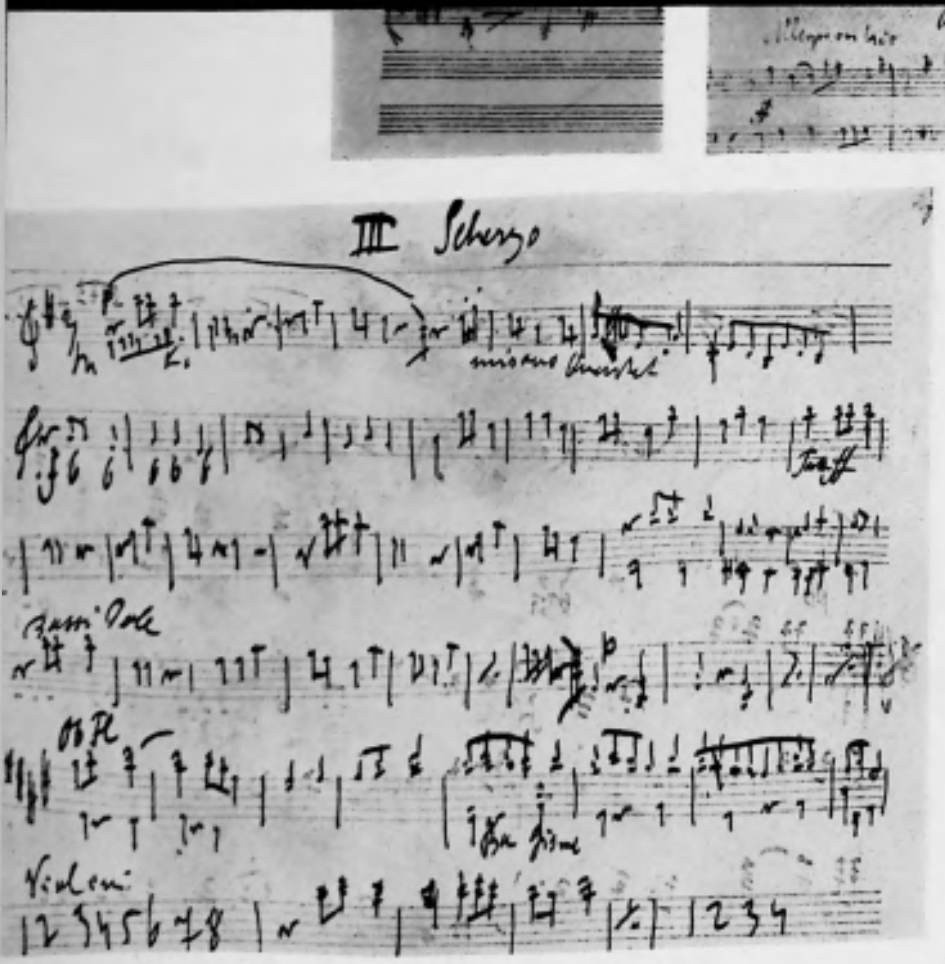
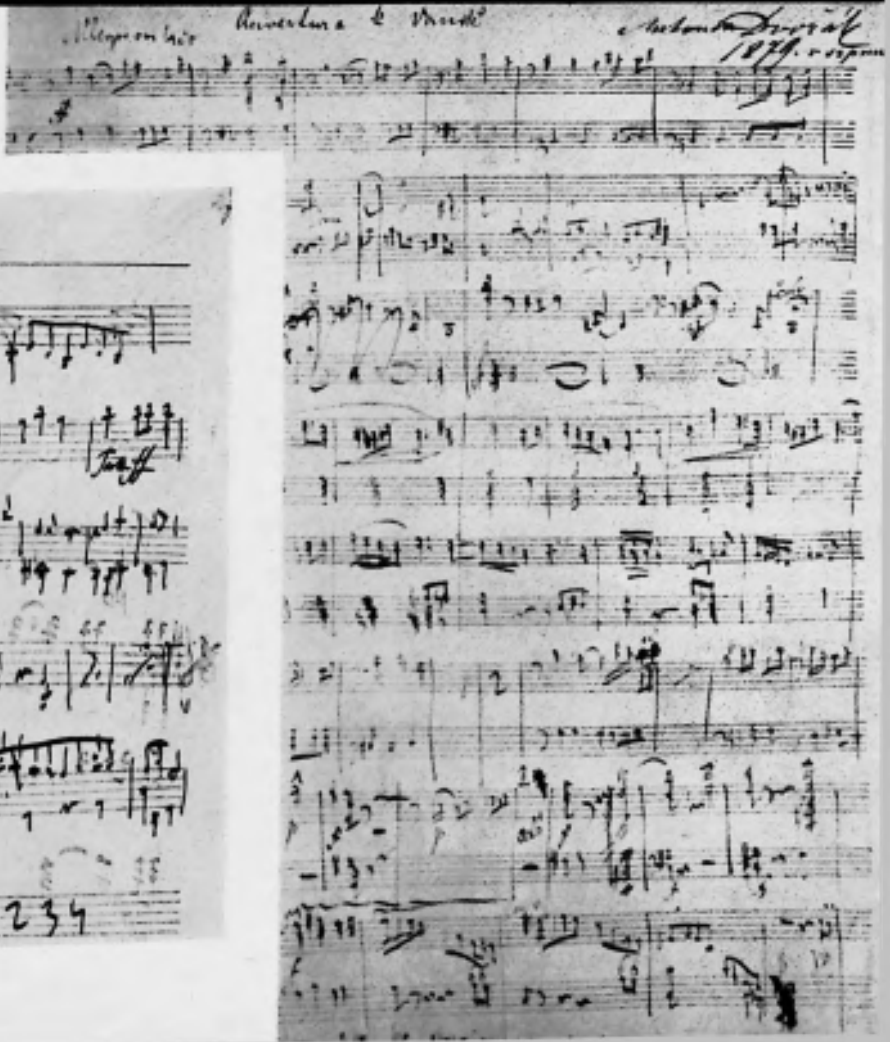
Because of their wonderful climate, the Bahamas receive visitors the whole year through. During the winter the calm, warm water attracts many bathers.



Sailing enthusiasts find their interests well catered for; navigating around the cays can be an exhilarating experience.

Many visitors observe the waterfront tradition of tossing coins into the sea. Diving boys exhibit their skill by recovering the coins before they hit the bottom.

Another thrilling sport is water skiing—strictly for those with a sense of adventure and good coordination.

At dawn enthusiastic fishermen head out to sea seeking the largest big-game fish, such as tuna and marlin. In this strenuous sport the fish may be more than six times the weight of the man.

ANTONÍN DVOŘÁK *Bohemian Composer*

of Infinite Warmth

by Clarence G. Hamilton

BOHEMIA, "the land of harp players and street musicians," is renowned for the natural musical gifts of its inhabitants, which appear in its striking folk-music. During the eighteenth century strolling musicians were found everywhere; each village had its native band; and the private establishments of the nobility, like that of the Esterhazys, were of a high order. In Prague, the musical centre, composers like Gluck, Mozart, and Weber found true appreciation when other lands were oblivious of their merits. It was not till the appearance of such musicians as Dvořák, however, that Bohemia produced composers of lasting fame.

Antonin Dvořák (1841-1904) was thoroughly a peasant by birth, his father serving as an innkeeper and butcher at Nelahozeves, Bohemia, where the composer was born. Although his father intended him to follow his own trade, the boy became a musical enthusiast, following in the wake of every strolling musician who visited the town, and thus becoming saturated with the national folk-style. Taught by a school-master to sing and play the violin, he also studied harmony and the organ, copying dance music from the score. In 1857 his father sent him to Prague, where he entered a school for organists. There he fell into poverty, and was obliged to do all kinds of odd jobs in orchestras; but attracting the attention of Smetana, he was befriended by him, and began to write serious music, studying the classics assiduously. In 1862 his first string quartet was written; and in 1873 he was made organist at St. Ethelbert's church, with a salary of sixty dollars per annum, on the strength of which he married. His hymn for chorus and orchestra, "Heirs of the White Mountain," performed at local concerts, brought him into notice; and, applying for help to the Ministry of Education at Vienna, he finally received a stipend. Brahms found a publisher for some of his works. His "Slavonic Dances" made him famous. Liszt secured a performance of his works, and he was invited to England after his "Stabat Mater" had been produced in London. There his "Spectre's Bride" was written for the Birmingham festival of 1885, and the oratorio "St. Ludmila" for the Leeds festival in the following year. He was made Doctor of Music at Cambridge in 1891, shortly before this having become a Professor of Music at the Prague Conservatory, which he left to become director of a conservatory in New York, at a salary of $15,000 a year. But his love of home made him abandon this post after a few years, and he returned to Prague, where his opera "Armida" was unsuccessfully performed shortly before his death.

Dvořák was at heart always the simple-minded peasant, fond of home and domestic ties, and undaunted by failures. With a nature quick to recognize what was best in all forms of his art, he was especially fond of folk-music, and by the frequent use of folk-tunes did much toward perpetuating national styles. Yet while he welcomed with enthusiasm even the work of itinerant musicians, he was an unflagging student of the classics, notably the works of Mozart, Beethoven, and Schubert. The warmth of his imagination, his chromatic style, and keen sense of form especially fitted him for orchestral writing; and in this direction his works, which belong to the "absolute" school, are distinguished by glowing color, perfect naturalness, abrupt, daring modulations, and marvellous rhythmic flow of parts. The rapidity of his writing and his prodigality of resources are evidenced in his many compositions, which include for orchestra overtures, the "Slavonic Dances and Rhapsodies," symphonic poems, and five symphonies, of which the opus 95, "From the New World," provoked much discussion in America on account of its reminiscences of negro melodies. Other compositions were many pieces of chamber music, several unsuccessful operas, cantatas, an oratorio, the "Requiem Mass," a "Stabat Mater," and many solo and part songs. ♦

Beset by conflicting musical ideologies, Antonín Dvořák eventually eschewed cosmopolitanism in his works and, following the example of Bedrich Smetana, the father of Czech opera, concentrated on developing a Czech musical form based on the simple folk element. Although national characteristics in music were then unfashionable, Dvořák's unusually fresh and sincere musical idiom quickly won recognition, and became a permanent source of inspiration to artists throughout the world.

Dvořák's boyhood was spent in the quiet and uncomplicated surroundings of Nelahozeves, the small village where he was born. At an early age he was apprenticed to a butcher in nearby Zlonice, but his teachers noticed his musical talent and arranged for his entrance to the Prague Organ School.

Dvořák and his wife Anna made many trips abroad, visiting the United States, Canada, and England. Dvořák's reputation was international, and he was enthusiastically received in other lands.

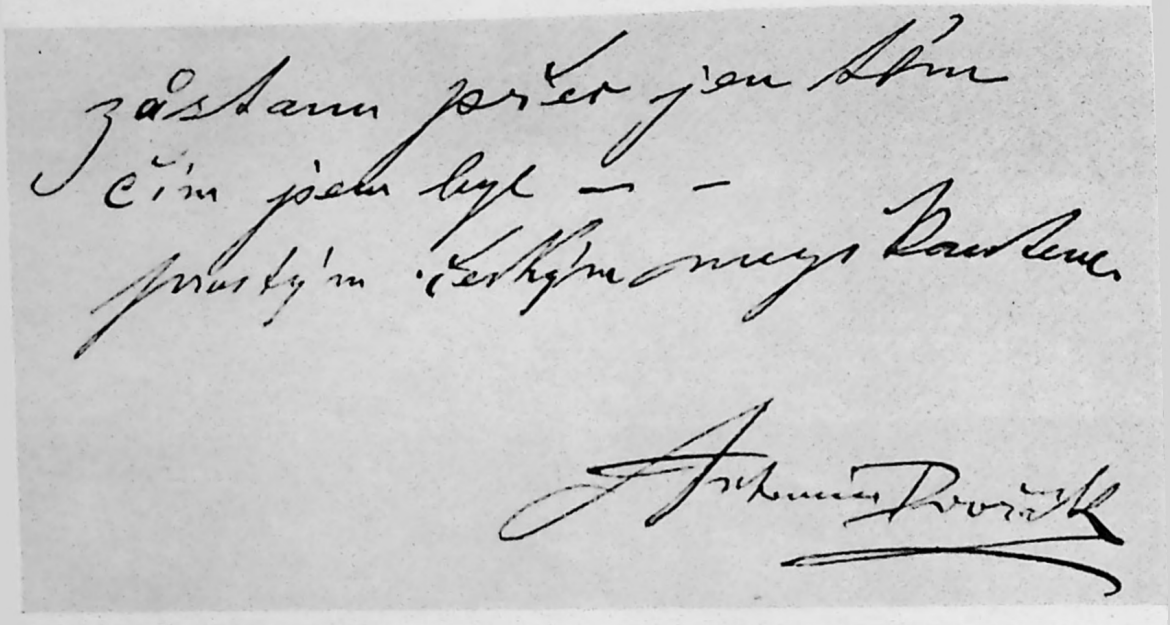
In this unpretentious room Dvořák was born in 1841. His simple origins were reflected in his life and music. His financial resources were meager early in his career, but his natural optimism always remained undimmed.

During one of Dvořák's visits to England, Cambridge University bestowed on him the honorary degree of Doctor of Music. This was only one of many honors conferred on him during his lifetime.

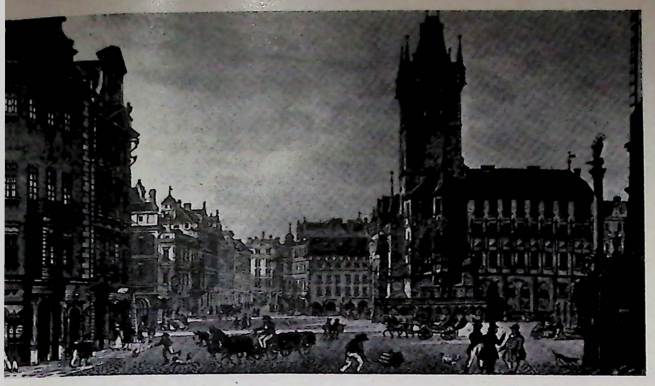
Dvořák's father and aunt, Frantisek Dvořák and Josefina Duskova.

This portrait of Dvořák was made about 1865, early in the Czech cultural renaissance.

Portrait of Dvořák by Hugo Boettinger

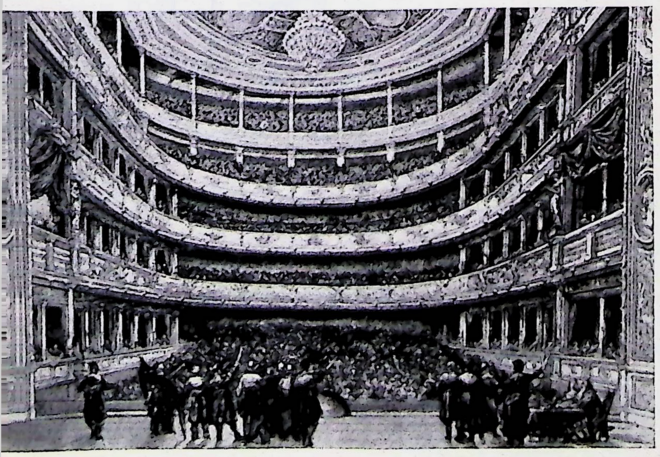


When the portrait above was made in 1901, Dvořák had decided to devote all his remaining life to opera. True to his heritage, he wrote: "I remain what I have always been—a simple Czech musician."



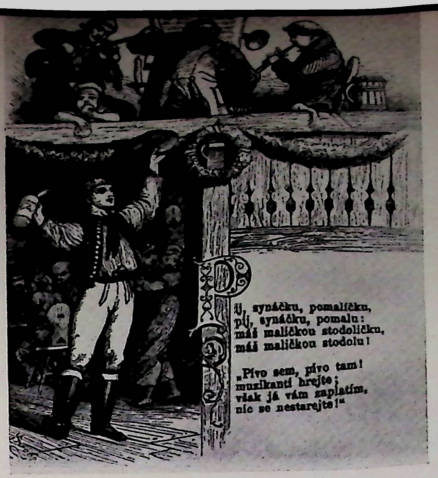
The old city of Prague fostered Dvořák's genius. Here he earned a living as a viola player in the Provisional Czech Theater Orchestra for ten years.

The first Prague building to be paid for by contributions from the Czech people was the National Theater. Thousands watched the foundation stone being carried solemnly to the site.

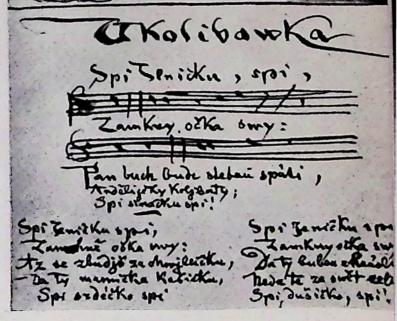
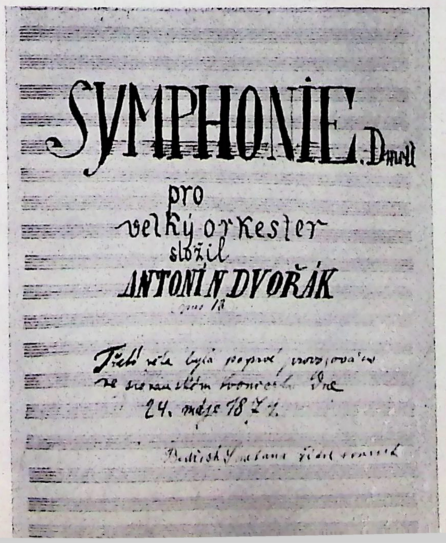


For the ceremonial opening of the National Theater, Dvořák wrote the dramatic overture "Husitska." It was conducted by his friend, M. Anger. Another of Dvořák's friends, F. A. Schubert, was the first director of the theater.

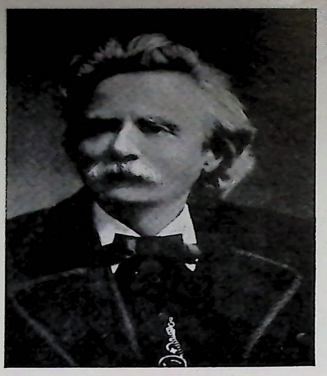
The award to Dvořák of a State Grant in 1874 produced a rise in his creative activity. Beginning with his Symphony in D minor he composed some of his most masterly works.



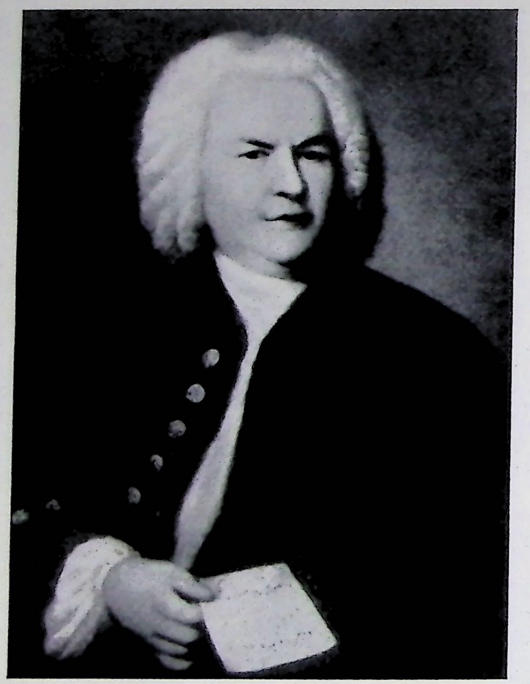
While Dvořák and other 19th Century Czech composers were developing a national musical form, graphic artists of the period were evolving a national art, using themes from the country-side's abundant folk-songs and dances. The drawing above by K. Svoboda depicts the vigorous music and polka of the village inn, and contrasts strongly with the lullaby illustration by J. Manes, right. Below is the attractive title-page of the Rittersberg collection of Czech national songs. The three drawings indicate a common striving for national artistic expression.



Robert Schumann



Edvard Grieg



Johann Sebastian Bach

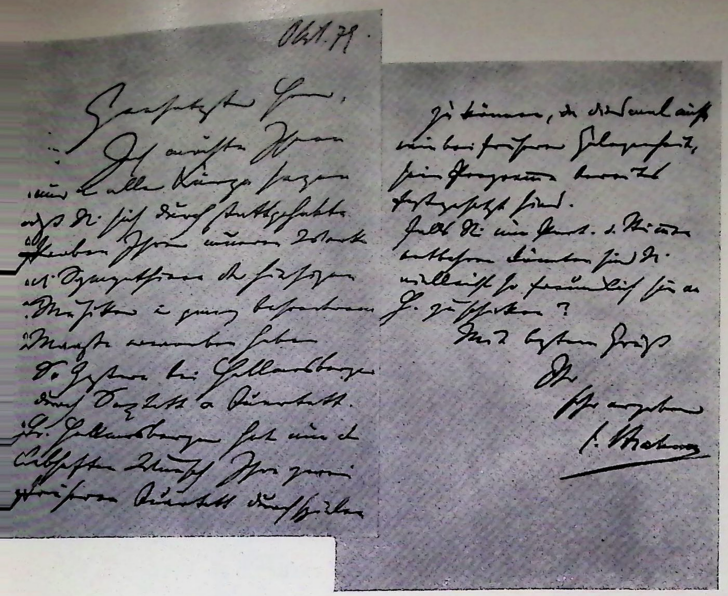
Early in life Dvořák was strongly influenced by the compositions of the great classical masters. In the beginning it was Beethoven, Haydn, Mozart, and Schubert; later he turned to Liszt, Wagner, and Schumann. As his powers developed, however, he underwent a period of self-criticism which caused him to forsake the classicists and to destroy some of his earlier works. Dvořák's moral responsibility to the Czech nation increased when Smetana, his close friend and contemporary, became deaf in 1874, and he turned more and more to his own national sources as a basis for composition. Dvořák became an admirer of Edvard Grieg—another eminent composer whose music was national in character.

Franz Liszt

Josef Haydn

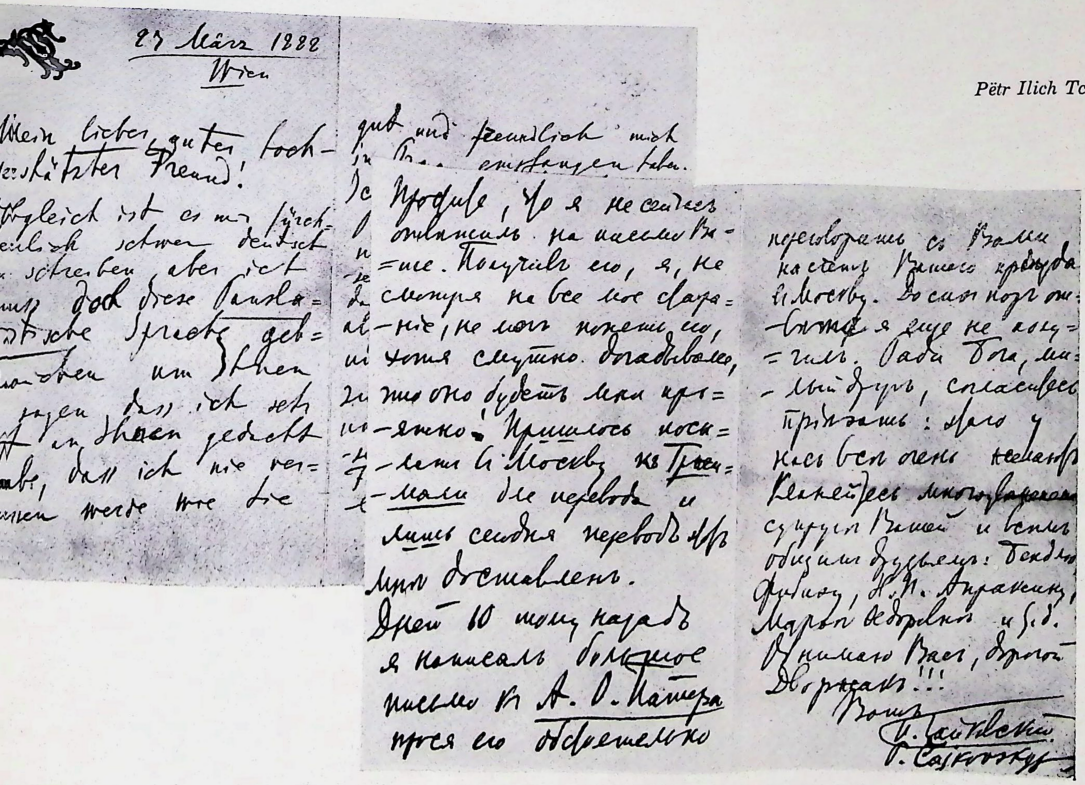
Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

Ludwig van Beethoven



It was due to the influence of Johannes Brahms, who recommended the "Moravian Duets" to his publisher Fritz Simrock, that Dvořák's works were first introduced to the public. Subsequently the two composers became close friends and were in constant touch through personal visits and letters. The letter above was written by Brahms to Dvořák in 1879.

Johannes Brahms



Pëtr Ilich Tchaikovsky

In 1888 another historic musical friendship began when Dvořák met the Russian composer Pëtr Ilich Tchaikovsky. The bond was greatly strengthened by their mutual interest in folk music, and they regularly exchanged news of their activities. At Tchaikovsky's instigation Dvořák visited Moscow and Petrograd in 1891, and conducted several of his own compositions.

Dvořák, right, and his family, shortly after their arrival in America.

In 1892 Dvořák accepted the post of Director of the National Conservatory of Music in New York. While in America he composed his 100th work, the Sonatina for violin and piano, written for his dearly-loved children, and the New World Symphony, which was given its first performance under the baton of A. Seidl in 1893 at Carnegie Hall. The New World Symphony is one of Dvořák's greatest works. Ostensibly an American composition based on Indian themes, it possesses definite Czech qualities which reflect Dvořák's longing for his homeland—a longing which caused him to return to Prague after three years.

The National Conservatory of Music of America,
126 and 128 East Seventeenth St., New York.

STUDENTS' CONCERT
OF
CHAMBER MUSIC
By DR. DVORAK'S CLASS OF COMPOSITION,

WITH KIND ASSISTANCE OF MR. VICTOR HERBERT,

MONDAY EVENING, MAY 8th, 1893, at Eight o'clock.

PROGRAMME.

SONATA No. 1, C minor, - - HARVEY W. LOOMIS
(PIANO AND VIOLIN)
a. Allegro Moderato. c. Scherzo.
b. Romance. d. Allegro brioso.
MR. LOOMIS AND MR. MICHAEL BANNER.

SONGS. - - - - LAURA SEDGWICK COLLINS
a. "Shadowtown."
b. With Pipe and Flute.
MISS ANNIE WILSON.

"The Boatman." - - - LAURA SEDGWICK COLLINS
CHORUS FOR FEMALE VOICES.

TRIO, D minor, - - - - RUBIN GOLDMARK
a. Allegro moderato. c. Scherzo Vivace.
b. Adagio Molto. d. Finale, Allegro Con fuoco.
MESSRS. GOLDMARK, BANNER AND HERBERT.

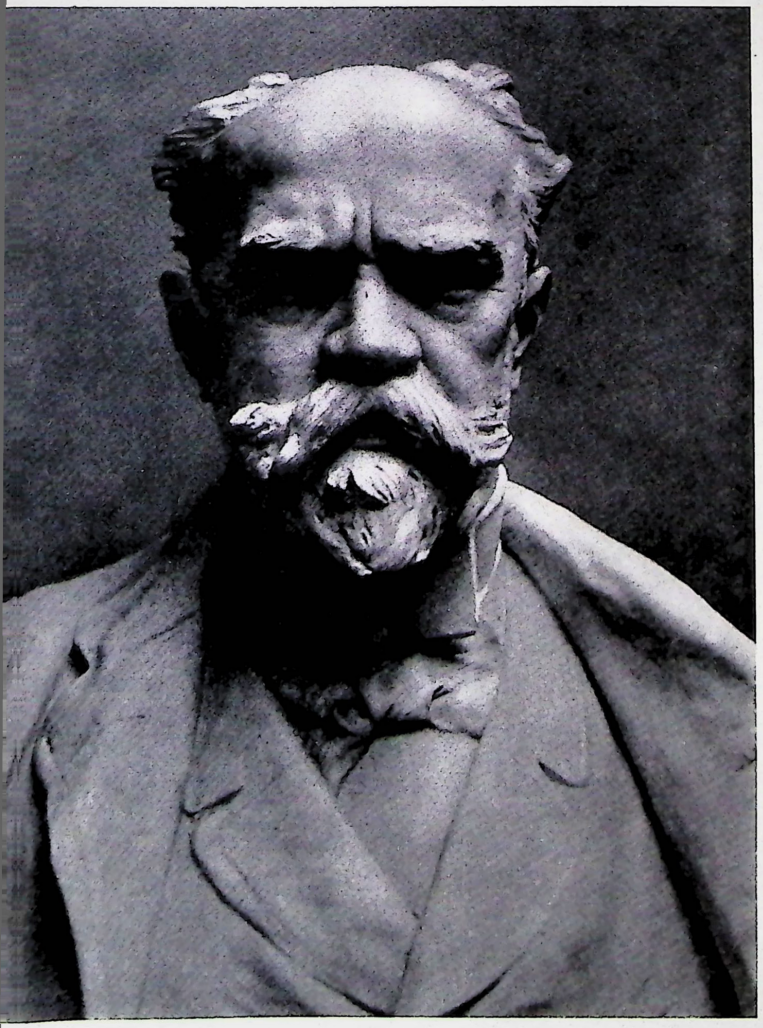
The program of a concert given by Dvořák's pupils. After his duties at the Conservatory of Music, Dvořák would often stroll along Broadway, right, for relaxation.

On "Czech Day" at the Chicago World Fair in 1893, Dvořák conducted a performance of his overture "My Country."

The busy streets of Chicago during the World Fair of 1893. Despite his success in America, Dvořák constantly yearned for his native land. It was too late in life for him to forsake his Czech origins for the New World.

On his death in 1904 Dvořák was deeply mourned by the Czech people. His last journey was from St. Salvator church past the National Theater, across Charles Square to Vyšehrad, where he was laid to rest.

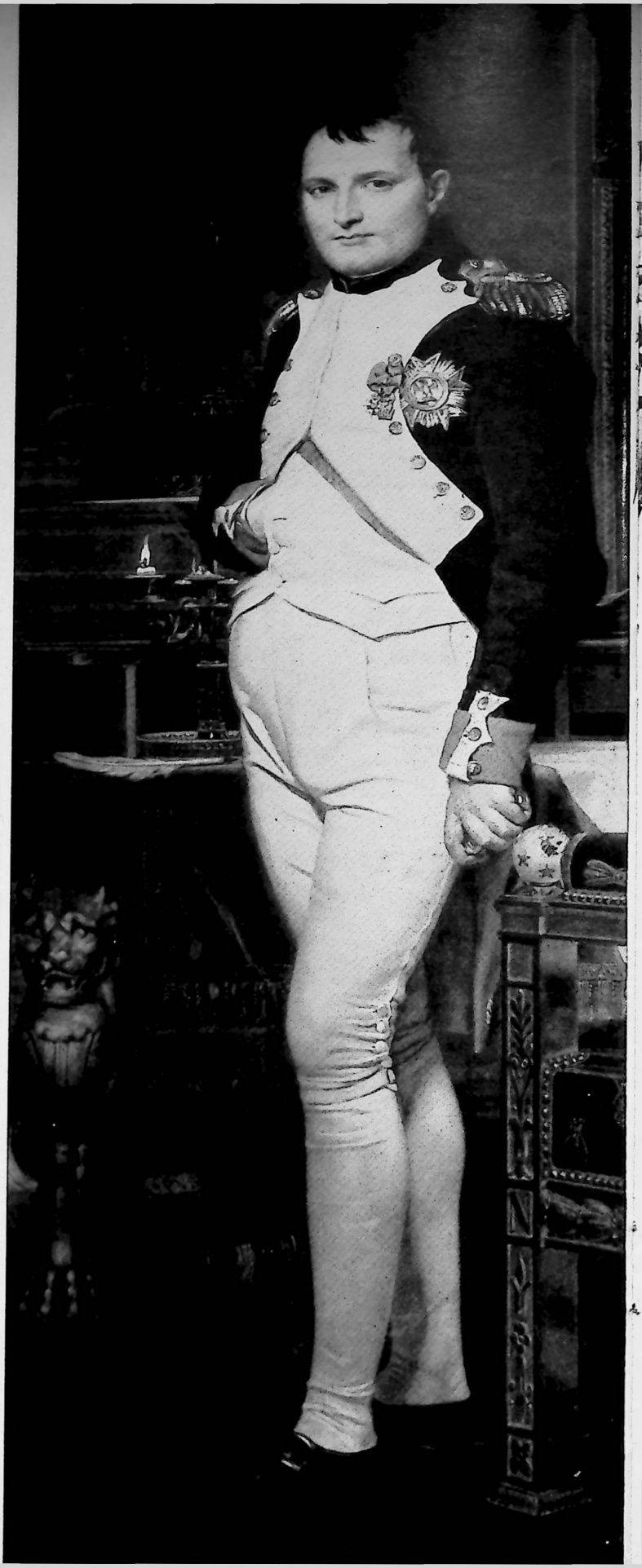
In or nearby his beloved city of Prague, Dvořák wrote most of his major works. In his declining years he had two ambitions: the creation of operatic works, and the education of a new generation of composers. He fulfilled both.



After Dvořák died, his music lived on to become part of the Czech national heritage. Because of its joy and warmth, it attracts people of all nationalities.

THE ANALYSIS OF GENIUS

by Bruce Bliven



THE MOST FASCINATING PROBLEM IN THE WORLD, ever since mankind became sufficiently self-conscious to think about it at all, has been that of the human personality. How does it happen that intelligence is so unequally distributed? Why are some men bold and others timid, some seemingly born with a desire to lead and others to follow, some egotistical and others humble, and so on through a multitude of traits? And above all, how does it happen that now and then an individual is supremely gifted in some one field, so that the world is blessed (or in certain cases, cursed) by the presence of a Michelangelo, a Napoleon, a Shakespeare, Dante or Einstein?

Science does not yet know the answers to all these questions; but today it has come closer to the heart of the riddle than ever before. In the research laboratories of America, some highly important information bearing on this whole subject has recently been unearthed:

1. One hardly needs to observe that much of the advance mankind has made throughout history has been achieved by persons of outstanding abilities, who deserve the name of genius. In saying this, I am recognizing that every man is the product of his time, that mass movements are on the whole more important than individuals, that every fine achievement is based upon others that have gone before. Concede all this, and the usefulness of the individual great man is still tremendous.

2. There are many thousands of individuals of high intelligence walking the streets of our towns and cities today, their abilities in most cases unrecognized, their potential usefulness partly or wholly wasted.

3. Effective genius is the product of two things in happy conjunction: the right sort of heredity and the right sort of environment, especially in early life. While the scientists are not yet sufficiently sure to be dogmatic, intelligence is certainly in the main hereditary. When it seems to be changed by environment, in most cases this is undoubtedly because in certain environmental conditions the individual does not do justice to himself. On the other hand, personality is almost entirely the result of environmental factors and in particular the conditions of infancy and childhood. Here, too, there may be some hereditary factors aside from that of sheer intelligence; but science believes that they are of little importance compared with those which result from such things as imitation of one's elders, discipline, and early attachments and repulsions regarding other persons.

4. Science today has gone far toward unlocking the mystery of the mechanism of heredity. Today it knows how to use that mechanism for the improvement of plants and animals. Some day, it may apply its new knowledge to the problem of human heredity as well.

5. Recent studies have done much to explain the mystery of how environment affects personality, and to give us a clue to the conditions that should be artificially created to mold a human being of a predetermined type.

This stress upon environment represents something of a change of emphasis on the part of science in the past few years. Not long ago, many experts (not all, of course) were inclined to take a rather rigidly mechanistic view of the human being. He was considered to be in the main the victim or the beneficiary of the result when you added up the influence upon him of all his glands of internal secretion. But today thought is moving in the other direction. Said one of America's greatest psychiatrists, head of an outstanding hospital for mental diseases: "A few years ago we used to hear a good deal about 'glands regulating personality.' Today you might almost with equal appropriateness talk about 'personality regulating glands.' The more we know about the relation between mind and body, the less we are inclined to draw a hard and fast distinction. Each influences the other in profound and subtle ways; and this interrelation becomes more important as science advances." It is this new knowledge which makes early environment now seem so important in determining human characteristics, and makes it so vital that society should recognize individuals of outstanding abilities as early in life as it can.

It is customary to refer to a person of high intelligence as a genius, without regard to what he may have accomplished, and even the scientists do this in their absent-minded moments, though they prefer the more precise phrase, "gifted individual." For convenience, I shall use the popular terminology. Roughly speaking, every man or woman who is 40 percent more intelligent than the rank and file is labeled a genius. (This reference to percentages should not be understood as meaning that there is an absolute zero from which the scale starts.) Such intelligence, as I have just said, comes chiefly through heredity and changes very little during the lifetime of the average individual. A genius is born, almost always, of parents of superior intelligence, and his children are usually above normal in this respect. But genius does not invariably beget genius, though it has a better chance of doing so than non-genius has. For some reason at which science is only beginning to grasp, one individual in a certain number, in a fairly fixed percentage, is born with chromosomes that are packed with more or better genes, or both, than the average run of mankind or even the majority of members of his own family.

There are in the United States today more than a million individuals who would rate as geniuses by the definition of that term used above. There are approximately 2700 whose intellect is equal to that of the outstanding leader among the great men of modern times, John Stuart Mill. Some of these persons will live and die humble members of the community whose only public praise will be, "He's smart—for a garbage collector" or "She remembers more than three hundred recipes and can tell them to you without ever looking in the book."

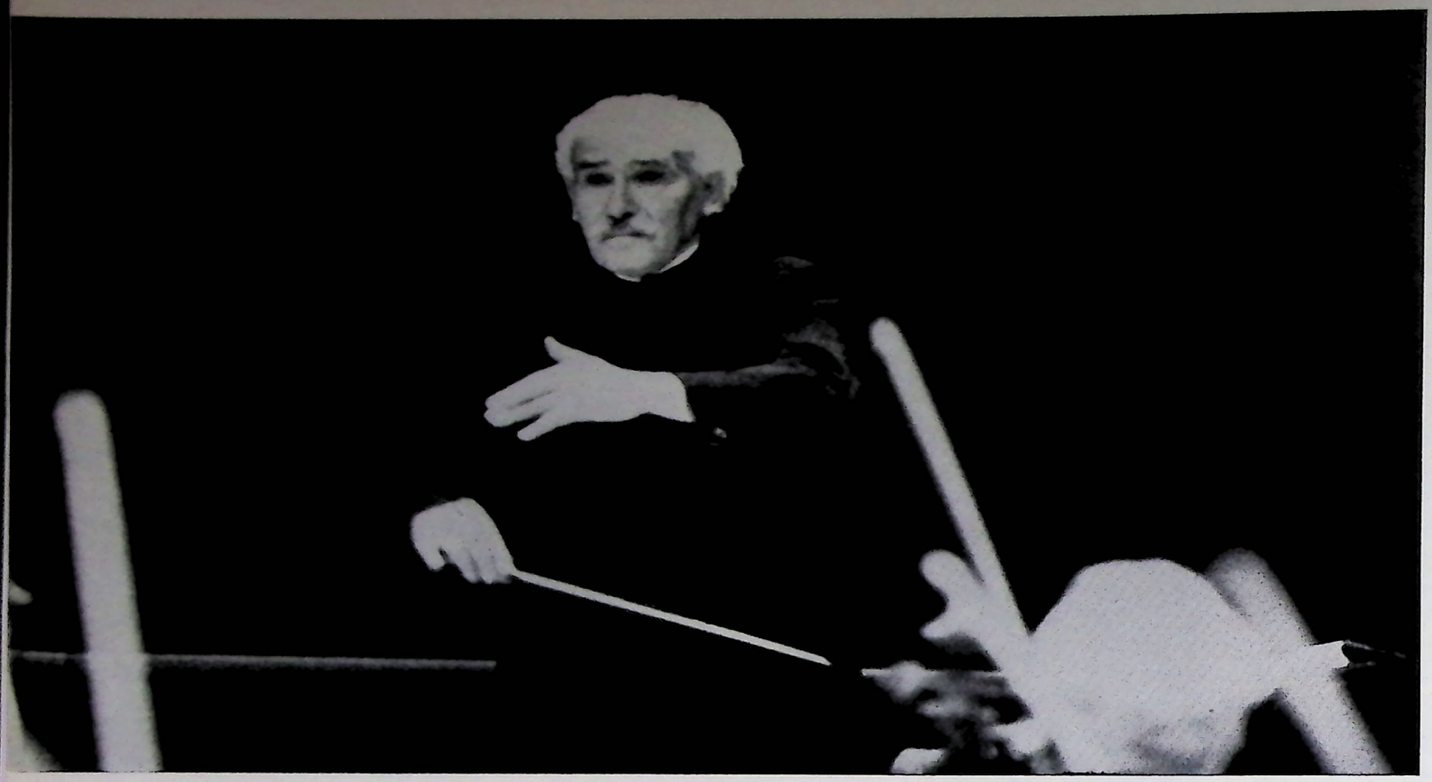
The truth of this is shown by an experiment in Chicago of Professor Paul A. Witty and Martin D. Jenkins. That Chicago's Negro colony lives under bleak conditions is not news to anybody and especially to those who read Richard Wright's vivid novel, *Native Son*. Yet when 8000 Chicago Negro children were picked at random and their intelligence was tested, more than 100 were markedly high on the scale. Twenty-nine were so intelligent as to qualify as geniuses. One of them ranked with Mill.

How do the scientists know how many geniuses there are? What is their standard for high intellectual power? These questions bring us into a field that is not only of absorbing interest but sharp controversy: that of the famous "intelligence tests."

To make a rough, layman's definition, unusual intelligence signifies a high degree of memory, strong powers of mental coordination and logic, and the ability to summon these at will for any given purpose. Some years ago, specialists in this field began creating tests which, when given to a large number of people, would indicate their brightness, relative to each other. The "Alpha tests" given in the army in 1917 were an example. These tests usually consist of simple-sounding questions (sometimes trick ones), easy puzzles, tests of memory like the ability to repeat seven or eight numbers that are read off in haphazard order. After hundreds of thousands of these tests had been given, the scientists averaged them up and found that they could establish a normal level of intelligence for the whole population, which they arbitrarily set at one hundred on their scale. Every individual is then recorded with an "intelligence quotient" related to this norm. If he is 10 percent below, he is said to have an IQ of 90, if 20 percent above, an IQ of 120, and so on.

The intelligence tests have been the subject of a good deal of controversy, with which we need not concern ourselves here. It is quite true that in the early days, exaggerated claims were sometimes

Napoleon in his study, by Jacques-Louis David.



Arturo Toscanini (1867–1957), world-celebrated Italian conductor.

made on their behalf, especially by laymen who didn't really understand them. It is also true that with the passing years, the techniques have been somewhat refined. Even today, the results of the tests should not be taken too rigidly. An error of a few points one way or the other is possible and is not of great importance. Personality factors either on the part of the examiner or the examinee may throw an individual test a little out of balance. But any sensible man who has examined the results with care must admit that, if these tests do not record intelligence they measure something else that is inextricably entangled with it, and that their results are likely to correlate with achievement of all sorts. The level of intelligence indicated by tests taken after the age of six or seven years rarely changes during afterlife (though in some cases, very bright young girls and less often, boys, have seemed to decline a little after adolescence). The validity of intelligence testing is shown by the fact that one individual can be tested independently by several trained examiners at long intervals, and without consultation they will usually assign approximately the same IQ.

A series of experiments at the University of Iowa a few years ago seemed to show that among certain children the level of intelligence rose markedly over a period of time and especially when these children were given much improved care and attention and a feeling of security. While there is sharp disagreement between two schools of thought, on the whole the prevailing verdict seems to be that probably the level of intelligence did not really increase substantially but that in the earlier tests these children did not give a fair accounting of themselves. Under starvation and abuse, even a bright child may seem thoroughly stupid. Tests of thousands of other individuals, taken at intervals of years and independently, have shown the general results I have summarized above.

Before I draw the all-important conclusions regarding society's obligation to genius, let me introduce in evidence one of the most interesting researches of recent years. It was an attempt to study the level of intelligence in childhood of a large number of the great men of modern times, in so far as this is possible. The purpose was to estimate the childhood IQ and correlate this with the facts about the individual that got into the history books.

One of the philanthropic foundations gave a large grant of money, and under the direction of Dr. Catherine Cox of Stanford University (now Dr. Catherine Cox Miles of Yale) a group of experts in this field labored for months at the task. The year 1450 was taken as a dividing line, since not enough is known about the personal lives of great men before that time. Dr. J. McKeen Cattell, the eminent psychologist, once made a list of the thousand most famous men in history, based arbitrarily on the number of inches of space devoted to each in a selection of biographical dictionaries all over the world. The top half of this list was taken as the basis and the names were discarded of those born before 1450. There were finally left about 300 people of outstanding eminence in modern times.

Regarding the early life of each of these individuals (to age twenty-six) every last scrap of information was then assembled, amounting in all to millions of words, and including the material from several thousand biographical works. Then trained experts in testing intelligence sat down and went over this evidence to see just how bright was each of these famous men. What did he do up to twenty-five years, and especially in childhood, and how did his achievements

compare with those of thousands of highly intelligent children of today whose IQ's are a matter of scientific record? While this was being done, other investigators, working independently, used the same material, and the conclusions of one set of experts were checked against those of another. As a result, these three hundred great men were arranged according to the order of intelligence apparently revealed in early life.

With true scientific caution, the experts refuse to say that the results arrived at reveal the actual intelligence level of these individuals as adults. They will only say that it was certainly not less than the figure given, pointing out that the more meager the information, the lower the IQ assigned. By a complicated procedure that I need not describe here, corrections were made for those of the great men about whom less was known, and it is probably safe to say that the list that was finally achieved is not more than ten points out of the way.

The findings of this study confirm what is said earlier, that sheer intelligence is far from being identical with success in life as it is popularly recognized. According to the space allotted in biographical dictionaries, Napoleon was the most important man of modern times, and following him, the next nine were Voltaire, Bacon, Goethe, Luther, Burke, Newton, Milton, Pitt and Washington. Yet Dr. Miles' study shows very little correlation between eminence and the degree of intelligence recorded in this study. Napoleon, who is number one in the biographies, is bracketed with Washington as last in intelligence on the list of ten. Both men are scored with IQ's of about 140, which just lets them into the genius class. Of the others, Burke scored 165, Luther 170, Milton and Bacon 180, Newton, Pitt and Voltaire 185. Only one of the ten—Goethe—

Francois Marie Arouet Voltaire (1694–1778), French poet, dramatist, satirist and philosopher, famous for his attacks on fanaticism and intolerance.

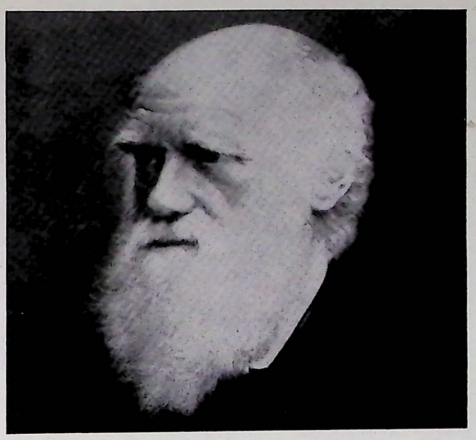
ranked with the supreme intelligences of modern times, those with an IQ of about 200.

The rating by intelligence makes some very queer bedfellows. Matched with Napoleon are John Adams, Emerson and Lincoln. Samuel Johnson ranks with George Sand and Wordsworth, John Quincy Adams with Longfellow, Dickens with da Vinci. For the benefit of the curious, here are some of the distinguished names of history with the IQ's assigned to them. The first list is those of men regarding whom a great deal is known, and these are probably substantially accurate. None rates lower than 135.

IQ 140–145: John Adams, Emerson, Lincoln, Napoleon, Nelson, Thackeray.
IQ 150–155: Samuel Johnson, Mendelssohn, Mozart, George Sand, Scott, Wordsworth.
IQ 160–165: John Quincy Adams, Longfellow, Tennyson.
IQ 170–175: Chatterton, Coleridge, Robert Peel, Alexander Pope.
IQ 190–195: Grotius, Leibnitz.
IQ 200: Galton, Goethe, John Stuart Mill.

The second list is people of whom less is known. Nevertheless they have been studied with great care and these estimates are probably not far wrong.

IQ 130–140: Francis Drake, U. S. Grant, Cromwell, Farragut, Goldsmith.
IQ 140–150: Blucher, Clive, Cortez, Garibaldi, Gluck, Hogarth, Andrew Jackson, Washington.
IQ 150–160: Balzac, Bolivar, Burns, Cervantes, Alexander Hamilton, Murillo, Swift.



Charles Darwin (1809–1882), the great English naturalist.

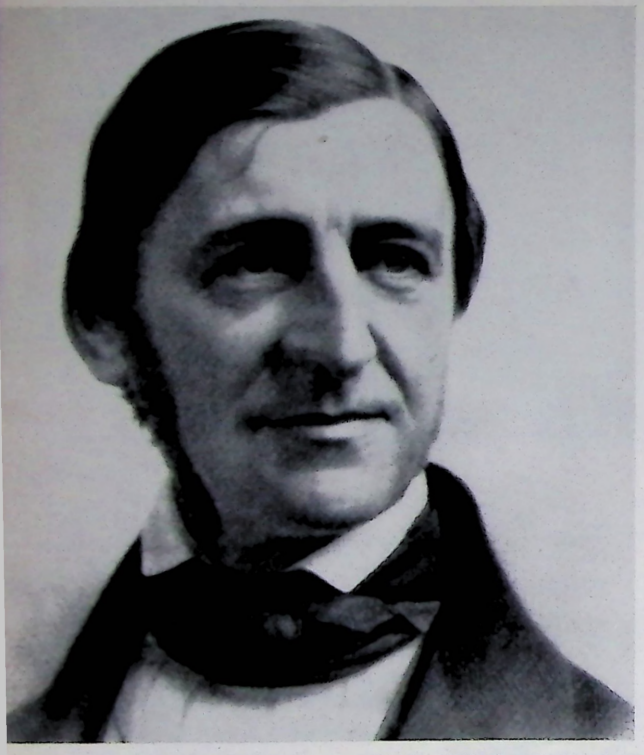
IQ 160–170: Addison, Robert Boyle, John Bunyan, Edmund Burke, Carlyle, Bach, Beethoven, Darwin, Disraeli, Defoe, Haydn, Heine, Hegel.
IQ 170–180: Agassiz, Calvin, Faraday, Fichte, Dumas Sr., Washington Irving, Kant, Kepler, William Penn, Adam Smith.
IQ 180–190: Bacon, Dickens, Gibbon, da Vinci, Wagner, Byron, Davy, Descartes, Galileo, Hugo, Milton.
IQ 190–200: Berkeley, Newton, Pascal, Schelling.

It is interesting to look at the correlation between the recorded intelligence and occupation. The entire group scored 130 or better and the average was well above 160. The more eminent averaged higher than the least eminent, but as I have just pointed out in the case of Napoleon, the correlation between achievement and IQ is far from complete. The eminent soldiers rated on the average lower than any other group, with a composite IQ of 140. Artists and musicians were clustered around 160; statesmen and imaginative writers had 165; religious leaders and didactic writers, 170; scientists, 175; and philosophers, 180.

It is popularly assumed that genius is associated with precocity, and this is often but not always true. John Stuart Mill learned Greek at three, studied Plato at seven, and Latin, geometry and algebra at eight. When a little more than six, he wrote a history of Rome that was quite a creditable affair. At five, happening to enter a drawing room where the wife of the First Lord of the British Admiralty was present, he gave that lady a permanent place in history by discoursing learnedly with her, comparing for her edification the personalities and military abilities of Marlborough and Wellington.

Even more striking was little Christian Heineken, who at four could read German and speak several languages. He knew history, mathematics, anatomy and geography, and could recite fourteen hundred quotations from Latin authors. An audience with the little prodigy was sought by the King of Denmark. Unhappily Christian died at the age of four years and four months. In contrast is the record of Karl Witte, who entered the university at nine, took his Ph.D. at fourteen, and then lived a highly successful academic life until he died at the age of eighty-three.

It has frequently been the case that some of the finest work of a great man has been done in early youth. Goethe wrote his immortal "Werther" at twenty-five; Milton had composed what has been called the most beautiful ode in English at twenty-one; Schelling formulated his philosophy at twenty; Raphael at one year older had painted the Granduca Madonna; Peel was chief secretary for Ireland at twenty-four.



Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803–1882), famed American essayist and poet, philosopher, preacher, and lecturer.

Some extremely important lessons are to be drawn from this study of the great men in history; before I report them, however, I wish to offer another piece of evidence: the monumental study of genius in the present day, made by Dr. Lewis Terman of Stanford University and his associates.

Some years ago, Dr. Terman, an outstanding psychologist, began a vast inquiry, looking for high intelligence in the school children of the Pacific Coast, and especially California. Many thousands of children were given identical intelligence tests, and out of this huge number, about 1500 were found to possess IQ's of 140 or more, which would put them in the genius class. At intervals ever since, these 1500 geniuses, or most of them, have been investigated afresh by Dr. Terman and his staff of skilled psychologists. This group of genius children is now grown up, out in the world earning its living, and the facts unearthed regarding it are of the highest value in the all-important question of human personality.

On the whole, these gifted children are doing much better than the average among their merely normal classmates. A smaller proportion than might be expected is divorced, insane or dead, although the suicide rate, oddly enough, is the same as that of the general population. The gifted children marry early, their health is good, their earning powers are large. Members of this comparatively small group of genius children have already written twenty books, hundreds of magazine articles and have taken out eighty important patents. Numbers of them are teaching in colleges or universities and several have become heads of departments.

In general, they have chosen the careers that might be expected. The men are lawyers, doctors, engineers, clergymen, research experts. Some, on the other hand, are movie actors and jazz-band players. They include an artist for Walt Disney, a rare-stamp dealer and a fox farmer. The girls are teachers, doctors, nurses, office workers, librarians, artists, decorators, architects, actresses, musicians, dancers and entertainers.

The genius girls show much less desire to carve out a career than the genius boys. About one-half of the girls are married and nearly all of these have followed the conventional American cultural pattern and given up their career interests. Both boys and girls marry people whose intelligence score is about twenty-five points lower than their own and have children at about that level, which is on the whole that of the geniuses' own parents, brothers and sisters.

Now comes the really amazing part of Dr. Terman's study. Of his group of gifted persons, 25 percent have made a far greater success in life than the rest. Fifty percent have done moderately well compared with the top group, and the last twenty-five percent have done very badly indeed. (Remember, the IQ of all three groups is almost the same, from 140 up, or definitely in the genius category.)

The men in the top quarter earn two and one-third times as much as those in the bottom quarter. They have married earlier, their wives are more intelligent and their divorce rate is only one-third as high—all presumably indications of successful living. The bottom quarter contains some men in decidedly humble situations—a policeman, a carpenter, a gas-station attendant, a floor-walker.

Here is an astonishing difference between two groups of high-scoring children, both equally intelligent by test, both starting life side by side as classmates in the same schools. Yet one draws ahead of the other. The difference began in high school, where the top group got grades of "A" more than 62 percent of the time and the bottom group only 28 percent. The top group has physical

Honoré de Balzac (1799–1850), French novelist and founder of the realistic novel.

health slightly better than the other, but not enough to account for this disparity.

Dr. Terman's investigators found that one important difference lay in the home environment and the personality it produces in a child. To be sure, success in life may be influenced somewhat by other hereditary factors than sheer intelligence, so that the stock from which you are descended is significant in other ways than those associated merely with the IQ. Nevertheless, environment itself is undoubtedly of tremendous importance. In the top group nearly 57 percent had fathers who were professional men, and in the bottom group this was true of only 21 percent. The significance of this is that professional men on the whole earn more money than other groups, and can give their children a generally better, more stable and peaceful environment. The members of the bottom group often came from homes where there were insecurity and unhappiness. The parents were poor, or were divorced, or both; many of them were foreign-born, struggling with an alien culture. Their genius children were dragged down by this unhappy, unsuccessful environment.

Let us turn back now for a moment to the great geniuses of modern times, mentioned above, who were, of course, no more intelligent in test terms than Dr. Terman's California children of today. Dr. Miles, summing up the facts about her three hundred geniuses, found a list of characteristics that were common to all or

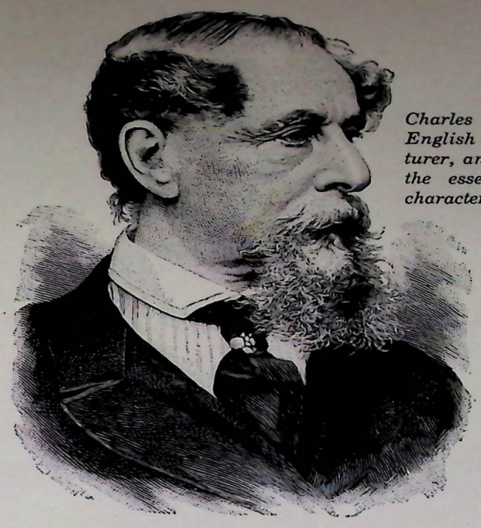
Leonardo da Vinci (1452–1519), master Florentine painter, sculptor, architect, engineer, and scientist.

nearly all. They came from "good stock," with a fairly high intelligence among the parents. Most of them had security, affection and understanding in their early life. The qualities which the vast majority of them shared in common make an amazing list. Genius, Dr. Miles found, is almost universally:

Kind	Cool-tempered
Trustworthy	Physically and mentally active
Conscientious	Modest
Persistent	Not eager for pleasure

Genius is as much above the commonalty of mankind in the possession of these traits as it is in intelligence.

It is true that highly gifted children frequently do bad work in school, being bored with their subjects and refusing to study when not interested. True, again, chance played a strong part in the lives of some of the men on Dr. Miles' list. Newton was an illiterate farm boy and would have remained so but for the chance visit of a relative who had been to college. Faraday left school at fourteen, supposedly forever, and the direction of his life was changed only when he happened to read an article on electricity in an encyclopedia. Yet one-half of these great men showed their lifelong bent strongly



Charles Dickens (1812–1870), English novelist, journalist, lecturer, and editor, renowned for the essential realism of his characters.

in early childhood, and only 25 percent gave no hint of it until they were grown.

What do the researches of Dr. Terman and Dr. Miles reveal that is useful to society? They show us that while high intelligence is chiefly an accident of birth, the personality and character that can take proper advantage of that accident are chiefly a social product. By proper training, we can turn our potential genius into an actual one, whose gifts are useful to mankind. The most important factors in bringing this about are first, incentive—living in a society that wants and appreciates great ability—and second, a sense of reassurance and security from the earliest days. It is now scientifically proved that genius does not need to be maladjusted, as is commonly supposed. The "artistic temperament" which causes the "prima donna," on stage or in studio, to go into a tantrum if he or she is thwarted, is not an essential development of the natural endowment; rather it is the attitude of the spoiled child carried over into adult life by a high-strung, gifted individual who, because of that gift, discovers he can get away with actions which in the child might cause him either to be sent supperless to bed or to be put into the hands of a psychologist.

The lesson is thus plain, and it is an important one. We need the services of these rare one-in-a-hundred thousand minds. We need to improve our present machinery for finding such individuals in the mass of the population, and once they are found we need to care for them in the light of the principles enunciated above. This evidence seems to disprove the theory that great abilities thrive on insecurity, unhappiness and fear. When they appear to do so, it is only because the individual manages to surmount the obstacles; he would have been better off if he had never had to face them. (This is not to say that a reasonable amount of poverty and sharp discipline are not desirable; the lives of many great men suggest that they are. Poverty, especially in an agrarian civilization, is not always necessarily identical with insecurity.)

What is true of the geniuses applies also to the rest of us. Both the intelligence and the personality of the average man function far better under favorable conditions than adverse ones. This obvious but important principle is ignored or only half-realized by parents, teachers, disciplinary and correctional institutions, municipal, state and national officials, every day in the week. Science has now offered us the final, urgent reason why we should put our collective brains to work and give the maximum amount of training, useful experience, security and a sense of power and success to every member of the rising generation. ♦

GENIUS AND PROLONGED ILLNESS

by Dr. Edgar Mayer

FASCINATING AND INSPIRING is the study of the lives of the illustrious who have achieved greatness in the arts and civil life, despite the handicap of tuberculosis. This handicap was greater in those years of lesser enlightenment of the medical profession in the recognition and treatment of this disease, some half century or so back. Yet many amazing contributions to music, literature, art and philosophy, have issued from rare mortals undaunted by this serious and prolonged physical disability.

Because the roster of the famous taken with tuberculosis is so formidable, many have attempted to analyze the exact relationship. But it would be naive to insist that tuberculosis makes a genius, or to maintain that tuberculosis in a special manner, inherent in itself, can cause a flare of genius in a man of superior intellect.

It has been held with plausible argument, to be sure, that in tuberculosis there is a proliferation of poisonous products, resulting from the destruction of involved tissue and the growth of organisms; and that this tuberculo-toxin or intangible fraction of the tubercle bacillus, whose exact nature is not well understood, is absorbed by the system, stimulating the brain to feverish vigor, and increasing in some strange way the capacity for creative accomplishment.

In its effect upon brain tissue, the psychic influence of this poison has been likened to that of alcohol and opium, whereby a secondary personality is set free, and inhibitions resultant from established conventions and social customs are destroyed.

It is difficult, however, to conceive how the magnificent products of these minds of the gifted could have been initiated and governed by the subtle power and morbid influence of ill health, without reflecting this in traits of expression or the tone of their writings. Can it be possible that the alternating moods of exaltation and depression, perhaps characteristic of the absorption of poisons in tuberculosis, could have accounted for the inspiration and imagery of Keats, the poet—Robert Louis Stevenson, the writer—John Aldington Symonds, the poet—and Laurence Sterne, the novelist? Seldom is the quality of genius, if it be in a consumptive, revealed in some sort of literary pathology, as a direct result of his disease.

More likely is the possibility that the relationship is an incidental one. Coexisting disease exerts a retarding influence upon genius by imposing a serious physical disability. The tubercle bacillus exercises no spectacular energizing power, specific to itself. The infinite capacity for detail, the ability to do beyond the ordinary, by which we characterize genius, is a quality appearing early in the famous. Indeed, it is now thought that this gift is sealed in the hereditary genes, bound up with the protoplasm of chromosomes, and thus ante-dating tuberculous infection and acquired disease.

For never is tuberculous infection inherited, but is always transmitted like any contagious disease by contact and repeated reinfection with the virus acting upon the defenseless body. The tragic denouement and decimation of the entire Brontë family represents, in the period of medical ignorance, the ravages of tuberculosis spread by contact to every member of this ill-fated literary family. In the irregular lives usually led by genius, factors of overwork, poverty, emotional stresses, tragic disappointment and dissolute living render the body a favorable soil for implantation and growth of the disease. Under conditions that diminish the resistance of the body, accidental repeated infection favors early colonization and rapid progression of tuberculosis.

When we realize how generalized is tuberculous infection in crowded populations, it is not surprising that the occasional superman or genius who develops the disease should be accidentally recruited from among this large proportion of infected humans.

To compensate for an illness that saps health and vitality, that cuts such a man off from normal activities and distractions of the healthy outside world, his mind is often driven inward, making him discover and develop those qualities of self with which he is most richly endowed and which otherwise might never have been developed. He does this to excel and achieve prominence in a world that makes no allowance for physical handicaps.

Prolonged illness brings an enforced leisure, through which a scholarly original mind may develop its powers. Commonly increased mental activity follows enforced physical rest. Thus virile genius dominates a wracked body, and the result is an achievement surmounting even the handicap of shattered lungs. Only in this way can illness be construed a blessing.

Tuberculosis may thus be viewed as an unfortunate coincidence in the lives of great men, lives characterized by indomitable will, and by a persistence in creative effort in spite of the undermining

Sculptor: Rodin

power of the disease and the ravages of its debilitating effects.

A long study would be required to tell of the pathetic battle with tuberculosis waged by such geniuses as Dante, Voltaire, Sterne, Beardsley, Jane Austen, Paganini, Gorki, Chekhov, Dostoevski, Poe, Katherine Mansfield, Elinor Duse, D. H. Lawrence, O'Neill, Andrew Jackson and a host of others on the roster of the great. Their lives may almost convince us that tuberculosis was at least an incentive to mighty achievement; and that genius, apprehensive of death, often more deeply and significantly interprets the meaning of life.

One most widely acclaimed, a gigantic figure in the literary world, so well called the apostle of cheerfulness, was Robert Louis Stevenson. If illness be regarded a calamity, his genius provided a compensation to himself and the world. Robert Louis Stevenson spent years crippled with only his imagination to give him sustenance. Nevertheless, to the last, he retained a delightful philosophy, wrote beautiful prayers, poems, narratives and ever-interesting letters, despite a life of illness. Coming of a race of renowned engineers who had built lighthouses on almost every dangerous coast in Scotland, he too—had he been a rugged, healthy boy—might have followed this life work. Tuberculosis early marked him for its own. His appearance betrayed the so-called phthisical habitus. He was described as being "badly set up, long, lean, spidery, with sunken chest, oval brow, soft brown eyes, haunting smile, and lankness of cheek, giving the impression of a tuberculous countenance."

Imagine him as a young boy, bedfast with fever and racking cough, unable to be comforted except by the magic carpet of his mind, which took him out of the prison of his counterpane to rugged adventure—to *Treasure Island* and the thrills of being *Kidnapped*—to London fog and the home of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. Perhaps because of the endless days and nights in bed, Robert Louis Stevenson could understand more than most men the whimsicality and tenderness of childhood, and produced some of the most beautiful children's verse in the English language.

Disease, however, did not darken his view of life and only on rare occasion did he adopt the invalid point of view. In the essay, *Ordered South*, he writes: "To me the medicine bottles on my chimney and the blood in my handkerchief are accidents. They do not color my view of life and I should think myself a trifler and in bad taste if I introduced to the world these unimportant trifles."

Another life tragically cut short by a fatal tuberculous hemorrhage at the age of 25, was that of John Keats. He was born above a London stable, in conditions of extreme poverty. He was impulsive, moody, possessed of keen sensibility and passion at times ungovernable. Devoted to his youngest brother ill with tuberculosis, he was in constant attendance upon him up to the time of his death. The exposure, anxiety and strain jeopardized his health. In adolescence he read morning, noon and night, often eating from behind a book. Four years of medical study and a year in hospitals were spent in London. Though a successful surgeon, he was not happy and turned to letters. He earned a little from his poetic writings, was penniless, pursued by debt throughout his years.

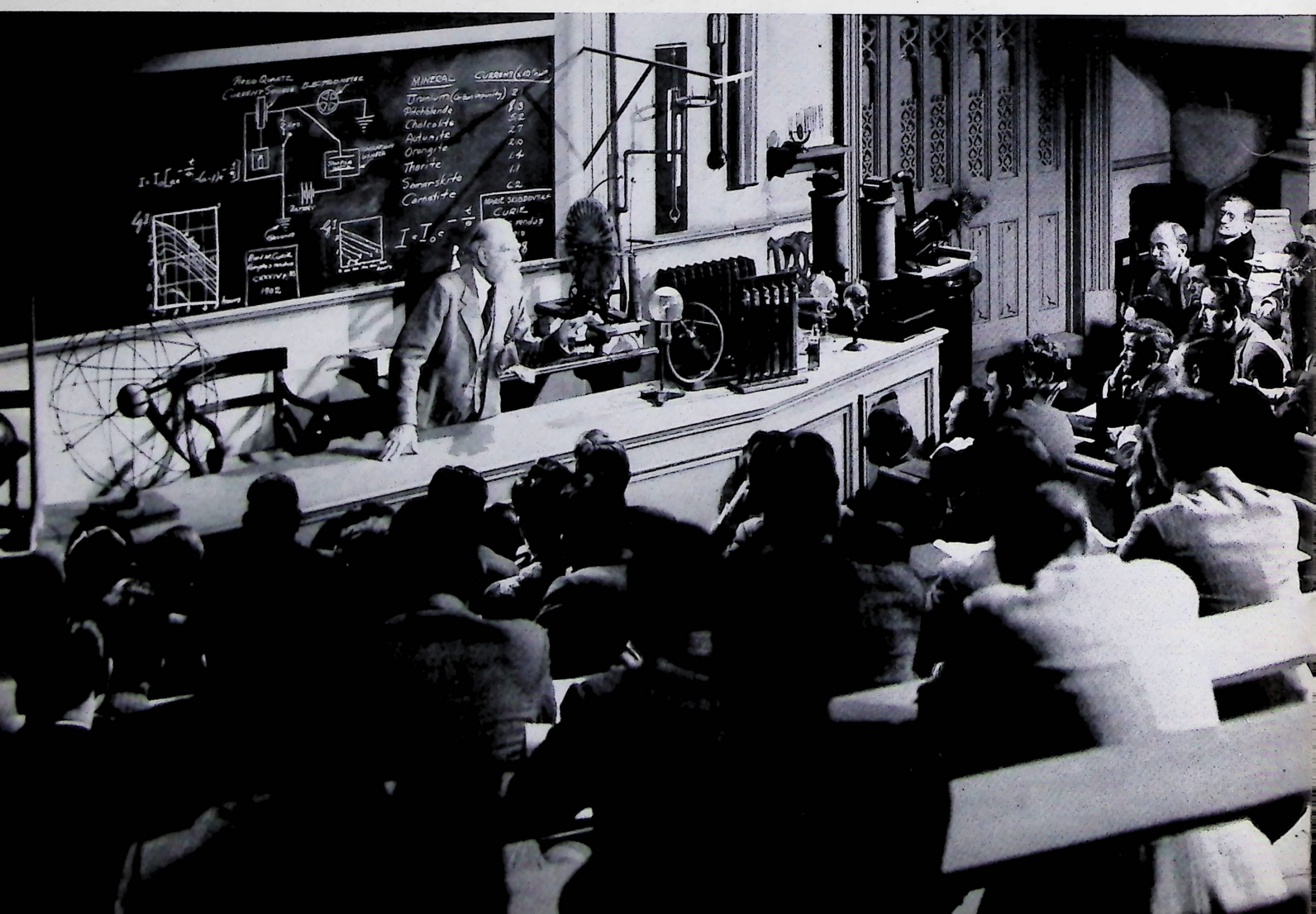
Tuberculosis was obvious early with repeated hemorrhages and relapses of disease, overshadowing the latter part of his life. During this period he produced such work as *Hyperion*, *Eve of St. Agnes*, *Isabella*, *Lamia*, *Odes*, with little monetary reward and little recognition. The fear of so many of the tuberculous—that death would come before any considerable or worthwhile work was accomplished—was expressed by Keats in many of his sonnets. Yet, during his short life span, he reached such heights as to immortalize himself and place his name among the first on the long roll of famous English poets.

It was likewise with another of the great lyric poets, Heinrich Heine. His *Book of Songs*, known and loved the world over, was dictated during sleepless nights of suffering so intense as to require morphine in various forms. Repeated hemorrhages were his lot; and the last tragic years of life were spent in torture as a half blind paralytic, poverty stricken, and perishing miserably in a dingy dark attic of a Paris tenement.

In the world of music an eternal debt is owed to Frederick Chopin, who died of tuberculosis at the age of 39. A child prodigy, indeed, he became a frail consumptive at 24. In his music are all the symptoms and varying phases of his disease: moments of feverish-made excitement; dark depths of despondency; fluttering half-fearful hope; gay optimism; fatalism; pitiful fatigue that comes from utter exhaustion. ♦

WHAT IS AN INTELLECTUAL?

by Russell Kirk



WE HEAR A GREAT DEAL NOWADAYS about the lamentable plight of the American intellectual. I think that the American educated man, or at least the American who has submitted to a certain amount of formal instruction, is indeed in an unhappy situation; and part of his unhappiness is the consequence of his calling himself an "intellectual." That term implies defecated rationality, the exaltation of pure logic, presumptuous human reason unassisted by religious humility and traditional wisdom, above veneration and conscience. I do not think that we are going to effect much improvement in education until we confess to ourselves that there is something greater than pure individual reason. That higher wisdom is religious truth.

Until a very few generations ago, men took it for granted that the essence of true education was religious knowledge. Theology was queen of the sciences; professors and teachers, Catholic or Protestant, were men in holy orders, or at least men thoroughly schooled in theology, apologetics, Biblical studies and the wealth of Christian thought. A learned man was a clerk, a cleric. Nor was this true simply of the Christian nations: Judaism, Mohammedanism, Buddhism, Brahmanism, and all the higher religions had in their charge the education of the people. As philosophy, art, law, and all the more important elements of civilization developed out of religious principle and faith, so formal schooling was the creation of the church, and instruction in religious truth remained until very late the primary aim of schools and universities. Here in America, the whole tone and temper of learning and society was immeasurably influenced by our church-founded universities and colleges.

Yet in America, as in most of the rest of the world, a divorce between religion and education began to take effect about the middle of the nineteenth century, with the rise of scientific materialism, aggressive secularism, state educational institutions, and the triumph of technology. Knowledge, simple secular instruction, might teach a man all that he needs to know in this life, the zealots of the new order insisted. Religion, these reformers maintained, was unscientific, irrational: at best, it was a personal, private, mystical experience, not fit to be discussed in schools. The clerisy—the body of preachers and teachers imbued with a sense of religious consecration—gave way to the intellectuals. And from the consequences of this neglect of religious wisdom, we have suffered terribly, and we are destined to suffer for a great while yet.

Now the unrest and the ill repute of the American intellectual, I think, are caused primarily by this divorce of knowledge from religious truth; and I propose to say a little about defecated intellectuality.

Not long ago someone wrote to Bertrand Russell inquiring after his definition of an "intellectual." Lord Russell replied most forthrightly:

"I have never called myself an intellectual, and nobody has ever dared to call me one in my presence.

"I think an intellectual may be defined as a person who pretends to have more intellect than he has, and I hope that this definition does not fit me."

Earl Russell, being well acquainted with the signification of words, spoke with some authority on the modern usage of "intellectual." The word has had rather an interesting history. In the seventeenth century, it was indeed employed as a noun, chiefly to describe a person who holds that all knowledge is derived from pure reason. It had even then, and earlier, a denigratory implication. The more common term for this concept was "intellectualist." Bacon writes critically, in the *Advancement of Learning*, of the intellectualist as an abstract metaphysician: "Upon these intellectualists, which are, notwithstanding, commonly taken for the most sublime and divine philosophers, Heraclitus gave a just censure." Bishop Parker remarks how "These pure and seraphic intellectualists forsooth despise all sensible knowledge as too grosse and materiall for their nice and curious faculties." Hume demolished the eighteenth-century intellectuals, or intellectualists, who took Reason for their guide to the whole nature of man; they were the *a priori* reasoners, upon the model of Locke; Hume does not employ the word "intellectual," however. Coleridge—again, however, not using the word—attacked them as the devotees of the mere Understanding, "the mere reflective faculty," as distinguished from the Reason, or organ of the supersensuous.

As a noun descriptive of persons, "intellectual" scarcely appeared at all in nineteenth-century dictionaries. So far as the term was employed, it meant the "sophisters and calculators" whom Burke had denounced, the abstract *philosophes;* it was a category despised equally, though for different reasons, by Romantics and Utilitarians. It is scarcely surprising, then, that the word retains a disparaging signification. It was closely linked with an unimaginative secularism: Newman attacked Sir Robert Peel for embracing it. All in all, "intellectual" meant just what Bacon meant by it, a person who overrates the understanding. By implication, an intellectual neglected the imagination, the power of wonder and awe, and the whole great realm of being which is beyond mere rational perception.

Fairly early in the twentieth century, however, a group of persons began to describe themselves as intellectuals. Throughout the nineteenth century, a man no more would have thought of calling himself an intellectual than a woman would have thought of calling herself a bluestocking. The words used to describe persons possessed of what Burke called "a liberal understanding" were varied, and none of them wholly satisfactory: scholar, bookman, philosopher, university man. Coleridge coined a new word to describe the teachers and preceptors of society, including the clergy and the lay scholars: the clerisy. A principal reason why no one word adequately described such a class of persons was that, in most of Europe and America, and especially in Britain and the United States, intellectuality was not the particular property of any class or order. A banker, like Grote, might possess the liberal understanding; or a politician, like Disraeli or Franklin Pierce; or a judge, like Tocqueville or Chancellor Kent; or a wine-merchant's son, like Ruskin; or an engraver and printer, like Blake. Thus it was reserved to the twentieth century to try to make "intellectual" a distinct term of commendation.

The current employment of "intellectual" appears to be derived from the jargon of Marxism. It is directly linked with the notion of a body of schooled and highly rational persons bitterly opposed to established social institutions—outcasts in a sense, men who go out to the Cave of Adullam, uprooted, rootless, radical folk, what Gissing called "the unclassed." *Les intellectuels* was the term of contempt employed by the factions of the Right, during the Dreyfus controversy, to describe the café-revolutionaries, the men who had broken with tradition, the enemies of patriotism, order, and the wisdom of the ages. It implied an opposition between the life of the mind and the life of society—or, at least, an inimicality between "advanced social thinkers" and the possessors of property and power. It also implied, commonly, a contempt for religious ideas and establishments. In the definition of the twentieth-century dictionaries, an intellectual is "a person of a class or group professing or supposed to possess enlightened judgment with respect to public or political questions." The link with social and political action is significant of the aims and limitations of the twentieth-century intellectuals. A "liberal understanding" in Burke's sense, Newman's "liberal education," the world of contemplation and silence, was not what they were after: they wanted to mould society nearer to their hearts' desire, not to adhere to traditional humanism by improving private mind and character.

The Marxists seem to have been the first body of "intellectuals"

to call themselves just that. In their sense, "intellectuals" was the Anglicized form of the Russian *intelligentia*, more awkwardly if more literally translated as "intelligentsia." In nineteenth- and twentieth-century Russia, the *intelligentia* were the emancipated and revolutionary body of educated or half-educated people, university students and graduates, who felt that the old Russia was hopelessly reactionary and mindless—and that, indeed, it held no place for them. The *intelligentia* were displaced persons, schooled beyond their proper expectations in life, severed from tradition but unable to find comfortable niches in the world of modernity.

An intelligentsia of this description increased rapidly in numbers throughout much of Europe in the latter half of the nineteenth century, and began to be a force in odd corners of the world.

Emerson did not write about the "American intellectual"; he wrote of the American Scholar; indeed, he disliked the concept of "a sort of Third Estate with the world and the soul," a body of persons claiming to speak exclusively for the intellect, and for the intellect only. The aversion to defecated intellectuality may be observed not only among our statesmen—Washington, John Adams, Webster, Lincoln, Theodore Roosevelt—but among our men of letters and speculation: take Hawthorne, Melville, Lowell, Henry Adams, and George Santayana, to speak almost at random. Some of our writers and critics might remark sadly the deficiency of contemplation and the higher imagination in America, but they did not aspire to set up the "intellectuals" as a distinct caste. Had not the New England farmer who read good books as much a right to be considered an intellectual being as any coffee-house Bohemian? Was Calhoun, reading in his solitary way at Fort Hill, any less a thinking man than an Amherst professor? Who was the "intellectual"—Clarence King or William Graham Sumner? Schooling was easily enough available to almost anyone that wanted it; the domination of higher education in America by church-founded colleges tended to prevent any opposition between tradition and intellectuality; while popular government made it difficult for the intellectually alienated to maintain that he was kept under by some iron political domination. Thus we hear next to nothing about "the role of the intellectual," as a distinct breed, until the alteration of American character and the triumph of urbanization, within this century, bring to the United States conditions in some degree analogous to those of Europe.

I have suggested that the concept of the "intellectual" is closely joined to class-antagonism and radical political alteration. The thinking man in America generally has not spoken of himself as a member of a distinct order, precisely because class has been so amorphous in this country. He was not excluded by the nobility or the church or the central bureaucracy: there existed no nobility, and no church establishment, and no bureaucracy in the European sense, to exclude him. He might be lonely, but he was not oppressed; if he felt himself neglected or almost friendless, still he attributed his condition to the ancient preoccupation of the mass of men with material ends, not to organized obscurantism in high places. Only when a doctrinaire hostility toward traditional religion, "capitalism," and established political forms began to make itself felt in America, particularly with the growing influence of Marxism and other European ideologies in the 1920's and the vague discontents of the Depression, did a number of educated Americans commence to call themselves intellectuals.

So the American Intellectuals were identified from the first with a political and social movement loosely called "Liberalism"—very different in some respects from the English liberalism it thought it emulated, and ranging all the way from a mild secularism to outspoken sympathy with Communist Russia. Often it was linked, philosophically, with Pragmatism, and with various experimental undertakings in education and practical morality. It tended rapidly to become an ideology, as Mr. David Riesman and others have suggested recently, with its secular dogmas and its slogans. Mr. Lionel Trilling and Mr. William J. Newman have stated that they use the terms "liberal" and "intellectual" almost synonymously. The "progressive" assumption in America (with some justification, during the 'twenties and 'thirties) has been that if a man thinks, he must vote for "liberal" candidates.

One may add that there were reasons for this desertion of many educated Americans to ideology. The disquietude of reflective persons in a country apparently given over to getting and spending; the condition of the underpaid professor or teacher in an acquisitive environment; the decay of the old American respect for learning—a decay which seemed actually to grow more alarming in direct ratio to the ease with which high-school diplomas and college degrees were obtained, on the principle that whatever is cheap is correspondingly little valued—all these influences tended to produce an alienation of the scholar and the writer from established American society, including religious tradition. "Intellectuals" appeared in America when the works of the mind began to lose ground in public esteem.

Probably I have made it clear that I am fond neither of the word nor of the concept "intellectual." But if by "intellectual" (however unsuitable that word may be, historically) is meant the thinking man, the philosopher, the true scholar, the person who believes that the life of the mind is more important than the acquisitive instinct, then I am all in favor of the intellectual. My point is that I do not like to see the scholar, the member of the clerisy, consider himself a rootless Bohemian, an enemy of tradition, a revolutionary, a participant in a Jacobin elite. I do not like to see him fall victim to ideology; for ideology is inimical to real intellectual attainment. I do not want to see him range himself against the American people, or against our social and political institutions, or—worse still—against our religious understanding: for the ensuing struggle would be disastrous both to the intellectual and the nation, and probably would be decided against the intellectual. I do not like to see the American scholar and bookman and intelligent man of action forced into the mould cast, say, by *Partisan Review*. When Mr. Wyndham Lewis, in *Rude Assignment*, defends the "intellectual" in the cant usage of that word (and Mr. Lewis is well aware that the strict usage is something else), I am on his side: "If you, for the purpose of belittling him, affix the term 'intellectual' (or more familiarly, 'highbrow') to any man of conspicuous intelligence, or whose standards notoriously are not those of the market-place, then there is such a thing only in your stupid mind, or on your foolish lips."

In this time of equalitarian conformity, boredom, and mechanization, when Things are in the saddle and the triumph of technology threatens to suppress the truly human person, we require intellectual power and virtue more than ever before—and courage to resist popular infatuations. "The scholar is not one who stands above the people," Brownson says, "and looks down on the people with contempt. He has no contempt for the people; but a deep and all-enduring love for them, which commands him to live and labor, and if need be, to suffer and die, for their redemption; but he never forgets that he is their instructor, their guide, their chief, not their echo, their slave, their tool." We now need a genuine clerisy as never before we needed such in America. But I do not believe we are going to obtain anything of the sort if we endeavor to create an intelligentsia, a rootless class of half-educated persons after the European model. The reflective and conscientious American needs to do his duty as an intellectual leader; but he needs to remember that in such a society as ours, the restriction of intellectuality to a presumptuous caste may be disastrous. We may turn out some millions of intellectuals, but we may simultaneously stifle the truly liberal understanding. ♦

ANSWERING A CHILD'S QUESTIONS INTELLIGENTLY

by Ellen Wales Walpole

EVERY CHILD SHOWS HIS AWARENESS OF THE WORLD by ceaseless questioning. His desire to know springs from two sources—a genuine curiosity in things for their own sake, and an emotional need to feel his *own place* in the unfolding universe around him.

His early questions may be clumsy and halting—his vocabulary is limited and his curiosity often little more than a vague wondering. Yet, a great deal of his future happiness and success depends upon how well he is helped to handle these, his first, problems. Frustrate his young curiosity with negative attitudes and unkindness, and it may never be aroused again—his mental powers may never reach their full development. Encourage these first questionings, and his ability to handle these little problems will later give him confidence to handle big ones.

A guarantee of his future education can be assured if a child is encouraged to form the habit of *finding out* early in life.

Even more important than the information you give in answering a child's questions is the *attitude* you convey in answering him. The essential attitude is one of kindly respect—both for the child and for his question. Try to give him the impression that you are willing and able to help him find the answer. Be casual, and treat the child with the same courtesy you expect to receive from him. It is best to give him the idea that you are finding out the answer together—that your interest in his problem is equal to his own.

Do your best never to show impatience. If you cannot answer a question fully at once, do what you can, then bring up the question again at your convenience. The child will come to appreciate this and cease embarrassing you with the right questions at the wrong time.

Try to avoid any feeling of shame or taboo in your discussions—the idea that certain subjects are best left alone. Remember a child is *amoral*, which is another word for innocent. He does not have the usual adult feelings of shame, guilt, or embarrassment toward certain natural functions unless such feelings are given to him. He can very well be helped to understand that, as a matter of courtesy, not everything can be discussed everywhere.

Above all things be sure that you never convey the idea that a child is unusually smart. The life of many an average fellow has been blighted by trying to live up to the more-than-average hopes of the adults in his life.

What you want is for the child to grow up to be a normal, well-adjusted individual with as many interests in life as possible—try to give him that impression. There is nothing better to be had out of life, and if he learns to expect it he will get it.

Sometimes a child will ask the same question again and again, even though the answer seems to have been explained to him satisfactorily. A child has a short memory and it may be that he has simply forgotten the answer. However, the answer given may be too complex for him, in which case it is a good idea to illustrate with a simple example from his own experience. On the other hand he may lack enough confidence in himself to accept your answer. If this be the case, after the question has been explained a number of times, it is well to turn it round and ask him to tell you the answer.

You will find that a young child fixes his attention first on one thing and then on another. For a time his world may be full of steamboats and nothing but steamboats. Do not let this disturb or discourage you; his chances of growing up to be an admiral are still average. He is simply going through a phase of discovering something in the world around him, just as in his earlier days he gained mastery over first one and then another part of his body. He is growing up bit by bit.

Often a child will use a series of pointless questions or endless *whys* in order to gain attention from an adult. This trying problem is usually an emotional one. If such seems to be your problem, it is well to ask yourself how secure your child feels emotionally. Give him the comfort and assurance of your affection and approval and his pathetic striving for attention will become unnecessary.

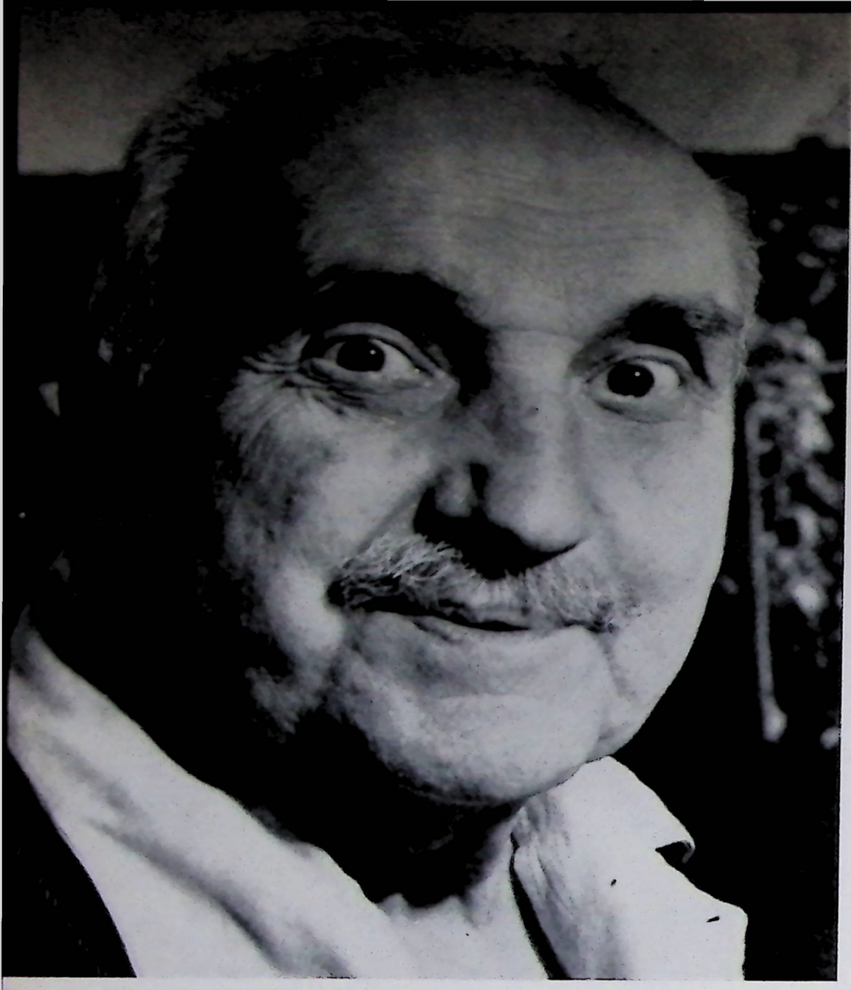
Remember the child is concerned with finding out *about* things. He is not satisfied with a *yes* or *no* answer. He wants to know the name, use, shape, color, etc. of the things he sees. The *how* and *why* he uses in asking his questions are but lead words to discovering more *about* things.

Encourage the child to find out as much as he can for himself. Do not give more information than he can digest. Make sure your attitude is right and you cannot go far wrong.

Try to keep in mind the fact that every child is an individual—different from any other individual who has ever lived. His problem is to develop his individuality and at the same time to adjust himself to living with other people. No one can do this job for him—his parents and his teachers can only help him to learn.

Put at his disposal raw materials to express his interests, hobbies, games, and studies. Remember that his toys and his possessions are to serve his interests and not the other way round. Allow him to discard old interests when he has learned what he needed from them. Watch for new interests and be ready with materials, understanding, and, if necessary, guidance. Put in his way endless opportunities to discover things for himself. Teach him to look upon his wants and his needs as challenges rather than barriers to his happiness.

The best we can do is to help each find his own abilities and to use them to make his own place in the world. ♦



SANTAYANA

Hermit at Harvard

by Richard Butler

SANTAYANA WAS A GOOD STUDENT from his earliest years. He preferred study in solitude, a few close friends with mutual interests, a retreat from the burdensome reality of crowded and noisy social life. According to a classmate of his high school years, the young Spaniard was often subject to the taunts of other boys, "but a sharp tongue and a fiery temper made him well able to take care of himself."

At sixteen he wrote his first, and a prize-winning, poem, "full of pessimistic, languid, Byronic sentiments, describing the various kinds of superiority that Night has over Day." He joined a debating society, was favored for a position in the Boston School Regiment, and by his senior year of high school he enjoyed some prestige among his schoolmates, especially in their recognition of his literary talents. On graduating from Boston Latin School, he took entrance examinations for Harvard, successfully and with the distinction of six honorable mentions.

Santayana's undergraduate years at Harvard satiated his habitual hunger for study and solitude. There were a few choice friends, membership in societies that his meager allowance could afford; but he preferred his simple room in the Yard, where he stayed during the school-week, and a particular tiny alcove in the University library where he digested a daily fare of philosophical books and literary periodicals. On weekends he would take the horse-car to his mother's home in Roxbury, his handy copy of Lucretius' *De Rerum Natura* in his pocket. During these years, he says: "I recited my Lucretius with as much gusto as my St. Augustine; and gradually Lucretius sank deeper and became more satisfying." He contributed cartoons to the *Lampoon* and poems to *Harvard Monthly*. During these undergraduate years he found college life pleasant enough; and, through his studies, he gradually formulated a few of the principles that would govern his philosophy and his life.

By the time Santayana had completed his college studies, the religious conflict of his youth was resolved. The *afición* would always remain, but he no longer stood, as he once described it poetically, "at the church door," looking in and longing for what he refused to accept. Faith, he decided with his parents, was a fiction of the imagination; but, unlike them, he could see nothing bad in any creative work of the imagination as long as one did not take it for fact. He rejected not only the supernatural but, in so far as he could, the natural arena of worldly life. His choice was a retreat into solitude where he could cultivate his imagination and "fill it with endless forms." There he would discover the keystone

of his mature philosophy which was to mold his whole future.

At Harvard, Santayana studied under William James and Josiah Royce, then young professors boldly professing and teaching "the dangers and scandals of free thought, all the more disquieting in that their free thought enveloped religion." Bowen and Palmer also were among his teachers, eclectically expounding random theories in the history of philosophy. Upon completing his college work, Santayana shared the Walker Fellowship for advanced philosophical study in Germany with a classmate, Charles Augustus Strong, who was to remain a close friend for half a century. He received his bachelor's degree *summa cum laude* and sailed for Europe.

This was in 1886. At the University of Berlin he studied under Paulsen. But he found the German spirit of "uniforms, music and beer" alien to his own, and his philosophy courses at the University a disappointment. After one semester, Strong relinquished his part of the scholarship and left; Santayana, after spending a semester in England, returned to Berlin with even less enthusiasm. The intricacies of idealistic philosophy confused and annoyed him. His interest in philosophy was not as a science but, as he said, "only as a balance of mind and temper, in which all the sciences and arts should compose as true a picture as possible of nature and human nature."

Discontented with his surroundings and his study, he asked permission to return to Harvard and use his fellowship allowance for resident graduate work there. This unusual request was granted and Santayana returned, completing his work at home, a critical dissertation on Lotze, and attending seminars conducted by James and Royce. Upon receiving his doctorate in philosophy in 1889, he was taken immediately into the Harvard faculty. He was an instructor for nine years, an associate professor for an additional nine years. When Royce died, Santayana succeeded his former professor and obtained the University's chair of philosophy, holding it until he left Harvard in 1912.

Doctor Santayana did not feel at home at Harvard, or, for that matter, in America. He was still the wandering stranger, looking forward to the summer vacation when he could travel abroad, preferably to England. Here he found some sentimental affinity in assuming the life of an English gentleman, with proper quarters on Jermyn Street in St. James.

The wanderer was restless in his confinement at Harvard. He liked to study, but despised teaching. In his only, but very successful, novel, his confused hero became a teacher "because he couldn't do anything else." Oliver, in *The Last Puritan*, speaks for his creator when he says: "People must teach themselves or remain ignorant, and the latter was what the majority preferred." Santayana looked upon teaching as a means to make a living, and to finance his journeys abroad. From the beginning, he saved for his anticipated retirement. "In reality," he said, "I was always out of my element in teaching and in society, and was saying something forced."

His pedagogical method was to expose a literary history of philosophy, believing that "philosophy can be communicated only by being evoked." He declared that "the history of philosophy is the only philosophy that should be taught in a university. Systems of philosophy are taught only by sects or by individuals setting out to be prophets and to found a sect." Hence he merely presented, eclectically, the particular persons and ideas selected, and stimulated class discussion. He deprecated his own ability as a popular or profound teacher, describing his lectures as "desultory, not rich in information, and not well arranged for taking notes." His students, however, judged differently. Others have described the spontaneous applause of students at the close of his lectures, the enjoyment and intellectual stimulation he provided them.

He preferred the company of his students rather than his fellow-professors. He was a bachelor and delighted in considering himself a perpetual student. He dined at their clubs, lived in their dormitories. He even enjoyed watching their football games and practice sessions. This indulgence in the joyful spirit of youth relieved the tedium and aloofness of his academic life. He was not popular with the faculty or the administration. While he always spoke kindly of them, they did not reciprocate. William James was known to have made personal, derogatory remarks, at least in later years; and he took occasion in reviewing a book of Santayana's to heap scorn on the latter's philosophical tenets. Santayana knew that he was disliked by President Eliot; the feeling was mutual. He considered Eliot an anti-humanist who saw in education only a means to ultimate service in the world of big business.

The increasing emphasis on specialization at Harvard irked Santayana, who favored a humanistic, liberal education. This distasteful trend evoked one of his bitterest comments when he later described the faculty as "an anonymous concourse of coral insects, each secreting one cell, and leaving that fossil legacy to enlarge the earth."

The breach was widening and the decisive break was near. With only himself to support, living simply, almost austerely, he was able to accumulate a savings fund that would provide an early retirement. He was delivering occasional lectures at other colleges, both in New England and in the midwest. Besides, he had begun to write for publication and increasing royalties promised future security.

His entrance into the publication field was the result of a course he gave on aesthetics to clear his own mind on the subject. "I didn't have then," he later admitted, "and haven't now, a clear notion of what 'aesthetics' may be. . . ." After giving what he called this "sham course" for two years, he wrote out the substance of it in book form under the title *The Sense of Beauty*. The manuscript made

the rounds of the publishers until at last Scribner's agreed to print it. The sale was modest and the critical reaction unenthusiastic. But Santayana had found a new outlet, a more extensive medium of expression, and a less restrictive means of livelihood. Later he wrote a small book of *Interpretations of Religion and Poetry*, in which he concluded that "religion was poetry intervening in life." A book of poetry followed, and then a five-volume work based on his Philosophy of History course, entitled *The Life of Reason*. This last work insured his literary success, and gained for him prestige in philosophical circles.

His habitual discontent, combined with an encouraging literary success, hastened his self-imposed expatriation. Until the end of his life he could say that he never lost the sense of being a stranger, always on the outside of everything looking in, always alone. This sentiment, so persistent and pervading, nourished his natural preference of solitude. He wrote:

"As for me, not only my body but my rather special and difficult relations to persons and places seemed clearly imposed facts; and in that setting my personal tastes and feelings became apparent, and caused me to feel that I lived in a kind of solitude—not transcendental and spiritual, but decidedly solitariness in a crowd and foreignness among very distinct people. My preferences were already marked and out of harmony with my surroundings and, as I soon felt, with my times. But conceit, or firmness of disposition, kept me from suspecting that I ought to change my allegiances, and think, and feel, play and work, as did the majority. Nor did I feel any impulse to contradict them or blame them. I had nothing to complain of, but I preferred solitude."

There is a romantic legend to the effect that during class one day Santayana looked out of the window, turned to his students saying "I have a date with spring," and strode out of the classroom never to return again. He denied that there was any foundation to this oft-told tale. Rather, in January, 1912, at the mid-term, he made his considered request and obtained his release from teaching duties. Feeling a fresh lease on life, he shaved the beard he had affected and took a boat for Europe. In London he received news of his mother's death. There was nothing left to keep him in America. He never returned again to the United States.

He was in London when the war broke out. For the sake of safety and seclusion he retired to Oxford during these years. Here, he says, "in spite of the war then raging, fancy in me had taken a new lease of life." He wrote reflective and skillfully-styled essays for periodicals, and occasionally lectured. There was no feverish schedule to meet, no unpleasant duties to fulfill. He was surrounded by the frenzy of war. "Yet," he said, "nature and solitude continued to envelop me in gentleness, and seemed to remain nearer to me than all that was near."

During these middle years he could and did indulge his fancy in his selected solitude. Out of it, in time, was born his own system of philosophy, expressed, by way of introduction, in *Scepticism and Animal Faith*, and elaborated later in the four volumes of *Realms of Being*. His solitude and introspection gradually assumed the proportions of a spiritual discipline and a way of life. Speaking of solitude, he called it:

". . . the sole path to happiness for the intellectual man, because (he) cannot be satisfied with a world of perpetual change, defeat and imperfection. It is the path trodden by ancient philosophers and modern poets and saints; not of course by modern writers on philosophy (except Spinoza), because they have not been philosophers in the vital sense; they have practiced no spiritual discipline. . . ."

He recognized two sources of this cult of solitude, one a primitive seminal slumber, the other the flight of imagination. "For beneath natural society," he wrote, "in the heart of each of its members, there is always an intense and jealous solitude, the sleep of elemental life which can never be wholly broken; and above natural society there is always another solitude—a placid ethereal wilderness, the heaven of ideas—beckoning the mind."

He stayed in England four years, until the Armistice. He liked the Englishman's "contentment in finitude, fair outward ways, manly perfection and simplicity." Elsewhere he described his ethnic model more concretely: "The Englishman does in a distinguished way the simple things that other men might slur over as unimportant."

The years following the first World War found Santayana traveling around Europe, settling either in Rome or Paris, with occasional visits to England and Spain. A friend of these later years recalls him "in the green setting of the Pincio in April, or sitting in a café on the Champs-Elysées in June, with the sun slipping behind the Arc de Triomphe." Meanwhile his prolific pen turned out more books and articles. His own favorite work, produced during this period and written in a medium best suited to his flair for fancy, was *Dialogues in Limbo*. During this same period he finished *Realms of Being*, completing the full exposition of his philosophical doctrine.

He was in Rome at the beginning of World War II. Advanced in age and suffering ill health, he needed personal care and assurance of final security. He abandoned hotel life and found final refuge in a small hospital on one of the seven hills of the Eternal City. There, under the familial care of the "Blue Sisters" of the Little Company of Mary, he retired to a single modest room at the far end of a quiet wing. He had his books, and for a while he continued to write.

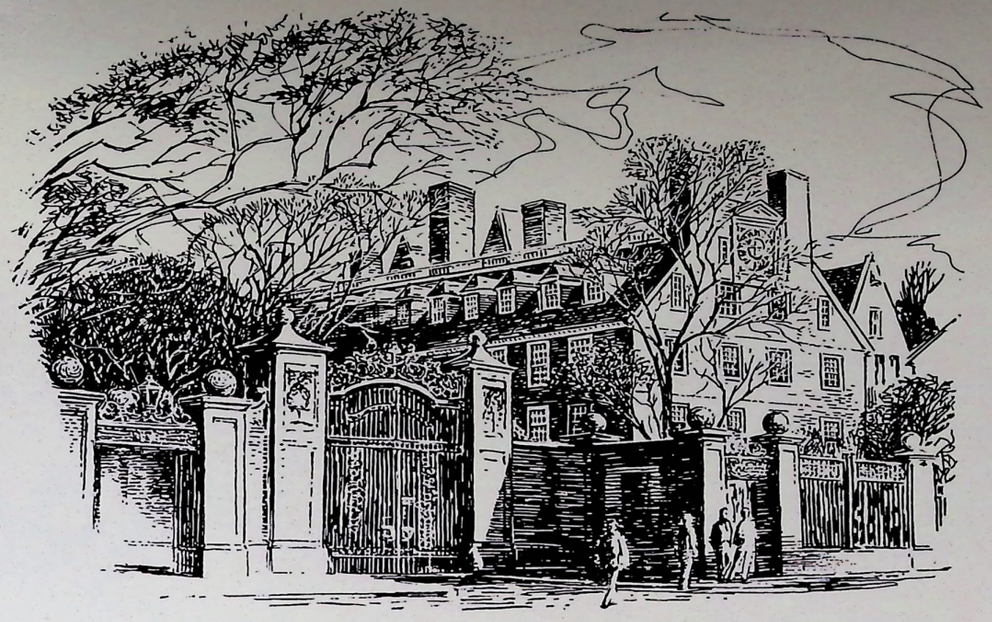
He read the Bible through and then wrote a book called *The Idea of Christ in the Gospels*, concerning himself only with the human aspiration to divinity, the idea of the divine in man. He pretended no interest in historical or literal interpretations, but he clearly indicated his conviction that all of Sacred Scripture was the product of purely human and poetic inspiration. Another volume, *Dominations and Powers*, appeared in his 88th year. This was a rambling series of essays on politics, reminiscent of Plato's *Republic*.

During the last year of his life his faculties were failing him. A cataract had developed in one eye, and sight in both of them was impaired. He had to use a magnifying glass to read, and even then it was an effort. His hearing gradually diminished; the strain and embarrassment occasioned by visitors forced him to restrict his hospitality. Eating was painful because of the cancer that gnawed at his stomach. In distress, he could give very little attention to the abridged revision of his *Life of Reason*, and left most of the work to his secretary.

The final decade of his life had been a realization of the ultimate detachment he desired, and thus described:

"I have ultimately become a sort of hermit, not from fear or horror of mankind, but by sheer preference for peace and obscurity. Fortune has become indifferent to me, except as fortune might allow me to despise fortune and to live simply in some beautiful place. I have cut off all superficial society, reducing it to the limits of sincere friendship or intellectual sympathy. . . . I am happy in solitude and confinement, and the furious factions into which the world is divided inspire hatred for none of them in my heart."

But the final year of that decade of satisfying detachment was painful, morally as well as physically. On his 88th birthday he told reporters: "I find things are not so simple to explain as I had imagined, and so I am not reconciled." Still unreconciled, he died on Friday, Sept. 26, 1952. Characteristically, he had requested that he be buried "in neutral (unconsecrated) ground in a Catholic cemetery." ♦



SANTAYANA **ON FRIENDSHIP**

FRIENDSHIP IS ALMOST ALWAYS THE UNION of a part of one mind with a part of another; people are friends in spots. Friendship sometimes rests on sharing early memories as do brothers and schoolfellows, who often, but for that now affectionate familiarity with the same old days, would dislike and irritate one another extremely. Sometimes it hangs on passing pleasures and amusements, or on special pursuits; sometimes on mere convenience and comparative lack of friction in living together. One's friends are that part of the human race with which one can be human. But there are youthful friendships of quite another quality—brief echoes, as it were, of that love of comrades so much celebrated in antiquity. I do not refer to the "friendship of virtue" mentioned by Aristotle, which means, I suppose, community in allegiance or in ideals. It may come to that in the end, considered externally; but community in allegiance or in ideals, if genuine, expresses a common disposition, and its roots are deeper and more physical than itself. The friendship I have in mind is a sense of this initial harmony between two natures, a union of one whole man with another whole man, a sympathy between the centres of their being radiating from those centres on occasion in unanimous thoughts, but not essentially needing to radiate. Trust here is inwardly grounded; likes and dislikes run together without harness, like the steeds of Aurora; you may take agreement for granted without words; affection is generously independent of all tests or external bonds; it can even bear not to be mutual, not to be recognized; and in any case it shrinks from the blatancy of open vows. In such friendships there is a touch of passion and of shyness; an understanding which does not need to become explicit or complete. There is wine in the cup; it is not to be spilled nor gulped down unrelished, but to be sipped slowly, soberly, in the long summer evening, with the window open to the college garden, and the mind full of all that is sweetest to the mind.

Now there is a mystery here—though it need be no mystery—which some people find strange and distressing and would like to hush up. This profound physical sympathy may sometimes, for a moment, spread to the senses; that is one of its possible radiations, though fugitive; and there is a fashionable psychology at hand to explain all friendship, for that reason, as an aberration of sex. Human nature is still plastic, especially in the region of emotion, as is proved by the ever-changing forms of religion and art; and it is not a question of right and wrong, nor even, except in extreme cases, of health and disease, but only a question of alternative development, whether the human capacity to love is absorbed in the family cycle, or extends to individual friendships, or to communion with nature or with God.

The love of friends in youth, in the cases where it is love rather than friendship, has a mystical tendency. In character, though seldom in intensity, it resembles the dart which, in ecstatic vision, pierced the heart of Saint Theresa, bursting the normal integument by which the blood is kept coursing through generation after generation, in the closed channel of human existence and human slavery. Love then escapes from that round; it is, in one sense, wasted and sterilized; but in being diverted from its earthly labors it suffuses the whole universe with light; it casts its glowing colors on the sunset, upon the altar, upon the past, upon the truth. The anguished futility of love corrects its own selfishness, its own illusion; gradually the whole world becomes beautiful in its inhuman immensity; our very defeats are transfigured, and we see that it was good for us to have gone up into that mountain. ♦

THE WORLD OF ALEXANDER THE

GREAT

by Charles Alexander Robinson Jr.

IT IS AN ARRESTING FACT that the first person in European history to dream of the brotherhood of man was brought up in Plato's belief that all barbarians (non-Greeks) were enemies of the Greeks by nature, and was taught by Aristotle that all barbarians were slaves by nature, especially those of Asia.

It was the monumental triumph of Alexander of Macedon, later called the Great, to outgrow this background while still young—and he was never more than young—and at the same time to transform the world both physically and mentally.

Alexander's challenge to posterity is not that he created a new religion which has long since been forgotten and to which, perhaps, we should now return, for he founded neither a church nor a dogma nor a school of philosophy; it is rather that, by uniting great dreams with great acts, he produced a new world and a new conception of the world, the world of common interests.

The centuries which culminated in Alexander had divided the world into a few Greeks, on the one hand, and, on the other, into myriads of barbarians; and yet, Alexander's life made it possible for the Cynics, not long afterward, to say, "Make the world your city." Or as Isocrates, in speaking of Athens, once put it: "So far has our city left the rest of mankind behind her in thought and expression that her citizens have become the teachers of others, and have made the name Hellenes a mark no longer of birth but of intellect, and have caused those to be called Hellenes who share in our culture rather than in our descent."

This revolution in the intellectual history of mankind—the most momentous since Thales had displaced the gods by natural causation —was not begotten, unaided, by one individual; Alexander simply determined its form and character and channel, and thereby prepared a congenial climate in which the Roman Empire and the Christian Church were to grow.

His revolutionary life and ideas sprang, as must always be the case, from the social and political atmosphere of his day, from the

very fact that the central idea in Hellenism—the idea of the city-state with all its traditional associations and responsibilities, religious, social and civic—had been undermined by the Peloponnesian War and the fall of Athens.

The literature and art attest the vitality of the fourth century—this was the time of Plato, Aristotle and Praxiteles—but nevertheless society as a whole presents the picture of apparent disintegration. In Athens and elsewhere it was felt by many that inequality of property was the root of all evil. What was needed more than anything else was emigration, a resumption of the colonization of the archaic period. At the same time, however, the broadening humanity of the day, the waning interest in local politics, and the aversion of cultured citizens to military life meant the decline of the city-state and the development of a larger and more liberal state-system, the preparation of a transition from regional to world politics, from racial to cosmopolitan culture.

The fourth century saw a recrudescence of old leagues and the birth of new ones, which in the issue proved but half-hearted answers to the irresistible forces of the day. Plato and Aristotle, though they lived in the midst of one of the deepest crises in human history, continued to preach the need of reforming the city-state and refused to explore the possibilities of a new system such as federalism.

Here, then, was a world full of brilliant men, but a world nonetheless divided and at war, for which Philip and his son, Alexander, were to find unsuspected and greater opportunity. Alexander's early death, before the age of thirty-three, was a tragedy, for it robbed him of the opportunity of developing his ideas of world government. No doubt he intended that the peoples of his empire should assume their share in working out the pattern; the measure of freedom and the details of government would vary from area to area and depend in part upon the condition of civilization of the individual peoples.

This variety would have been but the reflection of his own position in the state, for, somewhat in the fashion of the British monarch of a later day, he was at once the constitutional king of Macedon and commander-in-chief of the League of Corinth, the suzerain of Indian rajahs and the adopted son of a Carian queen, the Great King of the former Persian Empire and the "ally" of the Greek cities of Asia Minor, a god in Greece and Egypt.

Still, the outline of Alexander's chief thoughts was there. He planned a world state, as he had settled his own relation to that state; from the beginning he had used barbarians in administration and army; he had proclaimed universal brotherhood, and had advocated one common, Greek culture and the fusion of races.

As Plutarch so passionately remarked of the mass marriages with barbarians: "At the sight of these marriages I should have cried out for joy, 'O dullard Xerxes, stupid fool that spent so much fruitless toil to bridge the Hellespont! This is the way that wise kings join Asia with Europe; it is not by beams nor rafts, nor by lifeless and unfeeling bonds, but by the ties of lawful love and chaste nuptials and mutual joy in children that they join the nations together.'"

And, finally, Alexander had arranged personal deification: a meaningless convention in Egypt, but a convenient, *political* device in Greece—a divided land long accustomed to many and various gods—if other, more normal methods of rule failed.

His aim clearly was to unify the empire and bind it together as a social, political and economic whole—or, as he expressed it, he bade all men to consider as their fatherland the whole inhabited earth, where they would have concord and peace and community of interests, and he further pledged himself to render all upon earth subject to one law of reason and one form of government, that of justice.

Although Alexander's developing belief in the essential sameness of all people dates from his first year in Asia, it is not till a decade later, in the year before his death (323 B.C.), that our sources first reveal a ringing and vivid public statement by him.

The occasion was a misunderstanding between himself and his troops, and he sealed the reconciliation by a banquet for 9,000 persons. At his own table sat Macedonians, Persians, Greek seers, and distinguished representatives of the other peoples of the empire and, after dinner, they all drew wine from a great *krater*, or mixing bowl, the Greek seers commencing the ceremony, and then the whole 9,000 together made one libation at the sound of a trumpet.

It was this *krater* that Alexander had in mind when he said that he had a kingly mission from the deity to be the harmonizer and reconciler of the world, uniting and mixing men's lives and customs and marriages as in a loving cup.

If Alexander's dream of the brotherhood of man took root but slowly after his death, his idea of the "inhabited world" found immediate acceptance. In the new Hellenistic Age man thought of himself more and more as a member of a world society, a society in which there might be (and were) sharp differences, but in which a common, Greek culture nonetheless acted as a natural bond.

The world was new, and it is often said that, because Alexander's empire fell into three large pieces on his death, his conquests had gone for naught. But the great fact of history is that for three centuries, until the coming of Rome, this world was ruled along western Hellenic lines. The new conception of the world, no less than the Hellenization of Western Asia, are the greatest results of Alexander's life; he is, without question, the most important European in history, for he set the course which Western man has followed ever since.

In the vast new world, man emerged as an individual; he could live anywhere, and, with the development of mass production and far-flung trade routes, new lands came within his orbit—Egypt, India, Turkestan, Iran, China, Arabia, Central Africa, Western Africa and Western Europe. We are particularly struck by the complexities and contradictions, in fact by the very modernity, of the Hellenistic Age.

The scientific spirit and a keen desire to understand the universe flourished at this time; much labor was spent on editing the writers of the past; but superstition and ignorance remained, and the literature and art, while often interesting and sometimes pleasing, frequently strove for mere effect. Side by side with luxury and sophistication existed poverty and slavery. The huge new cities of the Age and the widening horizon meant both wealth and social revolution.

But of course Alexander's ideas were never wholly lost. His dream of the brotherhood of man, for example, found its natural fruition and finest expression as much in St. Paul's stirring vision of a world in which there shall be "neither Greek nor Jew, barbarian nor Scythian, bond nor free," as in the realization of a Universal Church comprising Jews, Greeks and Latins, "Parthians and Medes and Elamites and the dwellers in Mesopotamia."

The pity of it all is, and this may be one of the great tragedies in the history of man, that world rule was finally given to the Romans rather than to the Greeks, with their sensitiveness and imagination and insistence on the primacy of reason, for, had not Rome intervened, the Greeks might ultimately have given the Mediterranean not only a common culture, but also a form of government ensuring unity, freedom and permanence.

Still, it was the new culture of the Hellenistic Age that civilized Rome and facilitated her creation of a world state and Christianity's conquest of that state. As such, it is Alexander's monument, while his dreams have been, and still are, a challenge to humanity to substitute the idea of the solidarity of the world, and with it the dignity of the individual and his labor, for Aristotelian narrowness and strife. ♦

SIR WALTER SCOTT: Please return this book; I find that though many of my friends are poor arithmeticians, they are nearly all good bookkeepers.

SIDNEY SMITH: You and I are exceptions to the laws of nature; you have risen by your gravity, and I have sunk by my levity.

THOMAS ROBERT DEWAR: Love is an ocean of emotions, entirely surrounded by expenses.

WILLIAM RALPH INGE: Worry is interest paid on trouble before it falls due.

OSCAR WILDE: A gentleman is one who never hurts anyone's feelings unintentionally.

HECTOR HUGH MUNRO (SAKI): I'm living so far beyond my income that we may almost be said to be living apart.

HORACE MANN: I have never heard anything about the resolutions of the Apostles, but a great deal about their Acts.

JOSH BILLINGS: Consider the postage stamp: its usefulness consists in the ability to stick to one thing till it gets there.

KAHLIL GIBRAN: An exaggeration is a truth that has lost its temper.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON: Men wish to be saved from the mischiefs of their vices, but not from their vices.

REMY DE GOURMONT: Before undergoing a surgical operation arrange your temporal affairs—you may live.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY: The plural of spouse is spice.

JEAN COCTEAU: Tact consists in knowing how far we may go too far.

WALTER BAGEHOT: The great pleasure in life is doing what people say you cannot do.

FRANKLIN PIERCE ADAMS: A first edition of his work is a rarity but a second is rarer still.

AUSTIN O'MALLEY: The person that always says just what he thinks at last gets just what he deserves.

VOLTAIRE: To forgive our enemies their virtues—that is a greater miracle.

DAVID LLOYD GEORGE: A politician is a person with whose politics you don't agree; if you agree with him he is a statesman.

HENRY W. NEVINSON: Chivalry: going about releasing beautiful maidens from other men's castles, and taking them to your own castle.

ETHEL WATTS MUMFORD: It is better to make friends fast than to make fast friends.

WASHINGTON IRVING: Young lawyers attend the courts, not because they have business there but because they have no business anywhere else.

GEORGE SANTAYANA: Broad-mindedness is the result of flattening high-mindedness out.

FRANCOIS DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD: A man who is always satisfied with himself is seldom satisfied with others.

Wit of WISDOM

JAMES MATTHEW BARRIE: The God to whom little boys say their prayers has a face very like their mother's.

H. L. MENCKEN: 'Tis more blessed to give than to receive; for example, wedding presents.

CHARLES LAMB: The greatest pleasure I know is to do a good action by stealth and have it found out by accident.

MARK TWAIN: The first half of life consists of the capacity to enjoy without the chance; the last half consists of the chance without the capacity.

LEO TOLSTOI: He never chooses an opinion; he just wears whatever happens to be in style.

GEORGE ADE: Her features did not seem to know the value of teamwork.

TOM MASSON: Reputation: what others are not thinking about you.

CHARLES MAURICE DE TALLEYRAND: He thinks he is deaf because he no longer hears himself talked about.

RAYMOND MOLEY: A political war is one in which everyone shoots from the lip.

GEORGE MOORE: Remorse is beholding heaven and feeling hell.

WILSON MIZNER: A fellow who is always declaring he's no fool usually has his suspicions.

HENRY WOTTON: Tell the truth, and so puzzle and confound your adversaries.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN: There is much difference between imitating a good man and counterfeiting him.

ANTHONY HOPE: Economy is going without something you do want, in case you should someday want something which you probably won't want.

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY: If a little knowledge is dangerous, where is the man who has so much as to be out of danger?

BLAISE PASCAL: Those we call the ancients were really new in everything.

LIONEL STRACHEY: When humor is meant to be taken seriously, it's no joke.

FRANCIS QUARLES: Friendship will not continue to the end which is begun for an end.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS: All generalizations are dangerous, even this one.

MARGARET CULKIN BANNING: She never quite leaves her children at home—even when she doesn't take them along.

AMBROSE BIERCE: Hospitality: the virtue which induces us to feed and lodge certain persons who are not in need of food and lodging.

ELBERT HUBBARD: Wrong no man and write no woman.

WILL ROGERS: So live that you wouldn't be ashamed to sell the family parrot to the town gossip.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

available now to all readers of
WISDOM MAGAZINE
the Wisdom Statuette of
Rodin's famous ***THE THINKER***

In answer to many letters received by the Editors of WISDOM requesting information regarding its purchase, WISDOM has created a special reproduction of this magnificent work of art.

Designed and created by master wood carvers especially for WISDOM, The Thinker statuette is faithful in every detail to the expensive original model awarded annually by WISDOM MAGAZINE to the world's greatest living men and women who have significantly contributed distinguished service to knowledge, education and mankind.

Available now to all readers of WISDOM who desire to own it, or to give it as a gift to friends, relatives and business associates, this WISDOM Statuette of The Thinker stands 9¼ inches high, weighs 2 pounds and is 6 inches wide at the base. It is meticulously hand-carved in solid American walnut, with a hand-rubbed lacquer finish. The bronze plate on the front of the base is handsomely engraved with the word "WISDOM."

You will treasure this magnificent WISDOM Statuette of The Thinker all your lifetime, count it among your family's most prized possessions, and you will enjoy it every day of the year as it enhances your home or office with its distinctive and luxurious beauty.

You may order as many WISDOM Statuettes of The Thinker as you wish. Just send us the names and addresses along with your check in the amount of $35 if you are a Member of The Society ($50 to Non-Members) for each statuette ordered. A gift card will be sent with your name announcing your gift. Reserve your statuette now by placing your order today. Your money will be cheerfully refunded if The WISDOM Thinker Statuette does not meet your highest expectations.

TO MEMBERS OF THE WISDOM SOCIETY

$35

POSTPAID

TO NON-MEMBERS OF THE WISDOM SOCIETY

$50

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WISDOM STATUETTE ORDER FORM

Please send me The WISDOM Statuette of The Thinker

Enclosed is my check for $_____

Check one: ☐ Member ☐ Non-Member

Send to:

_____
Print name

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Address

_____
City Zone State

WISDOM STATUETTE GIFT ORDER FORM

I'm giving The WISDOM Statuette of The Thinker as a Gift

Enclosed is my check for $_____

Check one: ☐ Member ☐ Non-Member

Send to:

_____
Print name

_____
Address

_____
City Zone State

My gift card should read: From_____

Make check payable to: The Wisdom Society, 8800 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, California.

what is WISDOM MAGAZINE

SINCE IT WAS FIRST PUBLISHED in January 1956, WISDOM has met the most critical of all tests—usefulness and dependability in the home, school, library, and office. It is the first magazine of its kind ever offered to the public. No expense has been spared to make it a truly magnificent magazine of timeless beauty and enduring quality. The finest paper, engravings, type-setting, printing, and binding are used.

WISDOM does not duplicate any other magazine. As the dictionary operates in the field of words, and the encyclopedia in the field of facts, WISDOM operates in the field of ideas. Its contents are of lasting value and importance. No popular magazine published for the general public has ever before attempted to tell the story of man's wisdom. WISDOM enables everyone, whatever the extent of his education, age, or means, to enjoy the fruits of human imagination, inspiration, and achievement since the dawn of history.

"*The half of knowledge is to know where to find knowledge.*" In WISDOM readers meet the Great Minds of all time — past and present — in every field of human thought and achievement. It is not limited in the nature of its subject matter. Its scope is world-wide. It reaches to all parts of the world for outstanding articles and pictures to bring readers a clearer, quicker, fuller understanding of Yesterday's age-old wisdom and of Today's knowledge and achievements — extracting the wisdom of the world that can be applied to everyday living. It enables you to acquire a liberal education. It stimulates mental growth. The articles are adaptable to the needs and interests of men and women everywhere and shed light on their problems; yet they deal with timeless rather than purely temporary aspects of the modern scene.

WISDOM is written in clear, understandable language. It is superbly illustrated by the world's best photographers and artists. Every feature is carefully selected for general interest, edited for universal appeal, and presented in clear, interesting style. It is non-political, non-sectarian, non-controversial. The magazine throughout can be readily understood and thoroughly enjoyed by everyone. Dedicated to the advancement of knowledge, the improvement of public education and national welfare, the elevation of mental, moral, and social character, it is devoted to rendering an educational public service vital to America's well-being, for its Editors firmly believe that education is our most important national resource.

WISDOM covers all fields of knowledge: Art, Biography, Books, Business, Education, Government, History, Humanities, Humor, Industry, Law, Literature, Medicine, Movies, Music, Nature, Philosophy, Psychology, Religion, Science, Sociology, Television, Theatre, Travel, World Affairs.

The Editors of WISDOM have been guided by a single determination—to make WISDOM the best possible magazine of education America has yet produced. It is published not for profit but to advance the intelligence of the human mind. WISDOM leads to knowledge of our contemporary civilization. It is an indispensable aid in modern education. It brings together in one magazine the sum total of human wisdom, told clearly, stirringly, eloquently and so expressed as to meet the needs of both the present and future generations. It is a repository of all learning, a treasury of all great ideas. WISDOM has achieved a high measure of success, and has won a place of singular honor and respect in the Nation's esteem.

The physical make-up or format of WISDOM is a masterpiece of printing craftsmanship. It is characterized by simplicity, dignity, beauty. The page size is large — 10½ x 13¼ inches — the paper of high quality, the type large and easy to read, the photographs and illustrations etched by master engravers.

WISDOM contains *no advertising*. Every issue has permanent value and lasting interest. It can be read and treasured for years to come.

WISDOM has won the respect, admiration and enthusiastic support of the world's greatest men and women. This unanimous acclaim from those most demanding of perfection stands as a noteworthy tribute to the WISDOM standard of excellence.

what is THE WISDOM SOCIETY

WISDOM MAGAZINE is available only by Membership in The Wisdom Society For The Advancement of Knowledge, Learning and Research in Education. The Society is a non-profit educational organization. It devotes its income wholly and solely to furthering its educational objectives, and is operated exclusively for educational purposes in the interests of public service — just as colleges and universities.

We are fully aware of the intellect and character of the men and women who read WISDOM. As a reader you are a person who is best able to appreciate the permanent value and immense benefits of WISDOM.

Therefore, we are happy to extend to you, as a reader of WISDOM, an exclusive invitation to become a Member of The Wisdom Society. (Membership is tax-deductible.) Upon your acceptance of our invitation, we will send you a beautiful Membership Certificate of Honor. This will be inscribed with your name, and printed on fine paper ready for framing. It is something you will cherish and to which you will point with pride.

WHAT DOES ALL THIS COST?
ONLY $15 FOR A FULL YEAR'S MEMBERSHIP
(MEMBERSHIP IS TAX-DEDUCTIBLE)
AND THIS INCLUDES A ONE-YEAR SUBSCRIPTION
TO WISDOM MAGAZINE

WISDOM MAGAZINE is available only through Membership in The Wisdom Society. As a Member you *save* $21 a year under the single $3 copy price to Non-Members, as your yearly Membership of only $15 (tax-deductible) includes your yearly subscription for 12 monthly issues of WISDOM. Single copies are $2, to Members of The Society, to Non-Members $3—obtainable direct from The Society.

If you have a friend, relative or business associate whom you would like to sponsor for Membership in The Wisdom Society, all you need do is send us the names and addresses, along with your check or money order for $15 (tax-deductible) for each person. Be sure to include your own name and address. We will then send each person not only a Membership Certificate of Honor carrying his or her name, but a beautiful card with your name announcing your gift Membership.

If you would like the privilege of becoming a Lifetime Member of The Society, please consider this your invitation to do so. Perhaps you might like to sponsor a friend or relative as a Lifetime Member. If so, please send a check for $250 (tax-deductible) for each individual Lifetime Membership desired in The Wisdom Society. This amount assures you (or your giftee) Membership in The Society for life, at no additional cost to you of any kind in the years to come and such Membership entitles you to all present and future advantages, benefits and privileges of The Wisdom Society, including your receiving WISDOM MAGAZINE for life.

As a Lifetime Member of The Wisdom Society, you will receive *absolutely free*, in addition to the Certificate of Honor, the WISDOM MAGAZINE AWARD, the magnificent statuette of Rodin's world-famous work of art, *The Thinker*. This Award stands 12½ inches high, weighs 3 pounds, and is 6 inches wide at the base. It is meticulously hand-carved in solid American walnut, with a hand-rubbed lacquer finish. Your name will be handsomely engraved on a bronze etched plate, 4 x 2¼ inches in size, attached to the front of the base. The WISDOM AWARD was designed and created by master wood carvers from the expensive original model presented by WISDOM to the world's greatest living men and women for their outstanding achievements.

Now available to readers of WISDOM: The magnificent WISDOM PORTRAITS by YOUSUF KARSH. The cover portraits of WISDOM or portraits used in any issue of WISDOM by this world-famed photographer may be ordered direct from The Wisdom Society at special prices to Members. (See reverse side for details and order blank.)

Members of The Wisdom Society are entitled to purchase any single issue of WISDOM, WISDOM Statuette, Binders and Portraits at prices far below those offered to Non-Members.

The above WISDOM SOCIETY SERVICES to Members represent but a beginning of such facilities *at present* made available to all who become Members of The Wisdom Society.

THE WISDOM SOCIETY

FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF KNOWLEDGE, LEARNING AND RESEARCH IN EDUCATION

MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION FORMS

WISDOM MAGAZINE is available only by Membership *in The Wisdom Society, a non-profit educational and literary organization. Membership includes a yearly subscription to* WISDOM MAGAZINE. *Membership is tax-deductible.*

ANNUAL MEMBERSHIP

Please enroll me as a Member of The Wisdom Society. I am attaching a check (or money order) for $15 (tax-deductible). I understand this payment for Annual Membership, renewable every year, entitles me to benefits and privileges of The Society, which includes my receiving WISDOM MAGAZINE for a full year. The Membership Certificate of Honor should be made out in the name of:

Serial number if you are a subscriber_____

Please print name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

GIFT ANNUAL MEMBERSHIP

The Membership Certificate of Honor should be made out in the name of:

Please print name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Gift card should read: From _____

LIFETIME MEMBERSHIP

Please enroll me as a Lifetime Member of The Wisdom Society. I am attaching a check (or money order) for $250 (tax-deductible). I understand this is complete payment for Lifetime Membership and entitles me to benefits and privileges of The Society, which includes my receiving WISDOM MAGAZINE for life. The Membership Certificate of Honor should be inscribed, and THE WISDOM MAGAZINE AWARD engraved in the name of:

Serial number if you are a subscriber_____

Please print name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

GIFT LIFETIME MEMBERSHIP

The Membership Certificate of Honor should be inscribed, and THE WISDOM MAGAZINE AWARD engraved in the name of:

Please print name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Gift card should read: From _____

GIVE THIS CURRENT ISSUE AS A GIFT

I'm giving this current issue No.____ as a gift.
(Be sure to indicate Issue Number.)

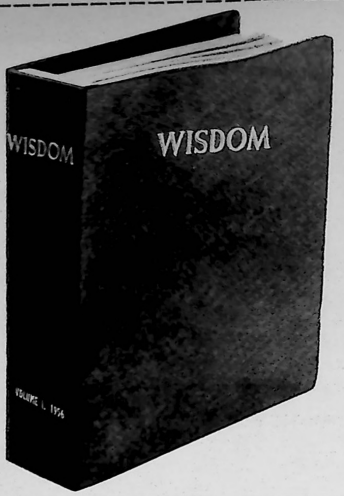
Please send to: Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

My gift card should read: From _____

You may order as many additional Current Issue Gifts as you wish. Just send us the names and addresses along with your check in the amount of $2 for each copy ordered if you are a Member of The Society ($3 if you are a Non-Member).



WISDOM BINDER

TO MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY
$5
postpaid
(a saving of $2.50 to Members)

TO NON-MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY
$7.50
postpaid

In answer to many requests, we have designed a permanent binder of outstanding beauty to hold 12 issues of WISDOM.

It is made of heavy-weight washable, imitation-black-leather binding fabric. An individual wire-mechanism holds each copy securely in place. The binder is easy to open and close, and its hard covers will keep your copies of WISDOM in excellent condition. Order your binder today.

BINDER ORDER FORM ☐ Member ☐ Non-Member

Please send me the binders I have checked ☐ 1956 ☐ 1957 ☐ 1958 I am enclosing my check for $____

Please print name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

A COMPLETE LIST OF WISDOM ISSUES IN PRINT AND IN CONSTANT DEMAND—Available for only $2 per copy to Members of The Society, ($3 to Non-Members), postage included.

Check the issues you want: ☐ Member ☐ Non-Member

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☐ No. 16 ☐ No. 17 ☐ No. 18 ☐ No. 19 ☐ No. 21 ☐ No. 22
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THE FIRST EDITION ☐ No. 1 OF WISDOM

A few rare, valuable copies are available at $10 each to Members of The Society ($15 to Non-Members). ☐ Member ☐ Non-Member

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WISDOM PORTRAITS for framing, by world-famous photographer YOUSUF KARSH.

Single Mat Finish Prints: 8 x 10—$5 to Members of The Society ($7.50 to Non-Members); 11 x 14—$10 to Members of The Society ($15 to Non-Members).

Please send ____ prints: 8 x 10 ____ 11 x 14 ____
from WISDOM issue number____
Front cover ☐ Back cover ☐ Inside page number____
Member ☐ Non-Member ☐

Members and others interested in The Wisdom Society's work may make gifts, endowments, or bequests of money, securities, or other property for "the advancement of knowledge, learning, and research in education." The Society is a non-profit educational and literary organization, and such gifts are deductible for tax purposes.

PAYMENT MUST ACCOMPANY ALL ORDERS. Make check payable to: The Wisdom Society, 8800 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, Calif.

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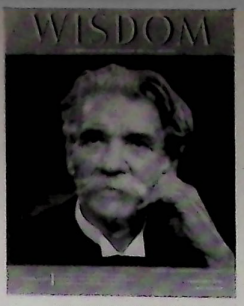

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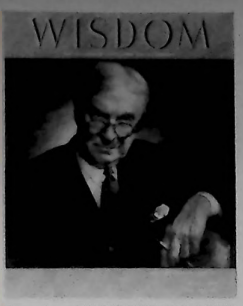

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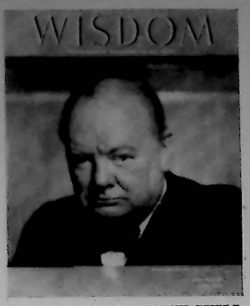

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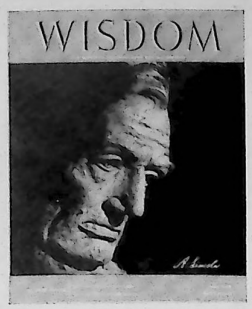

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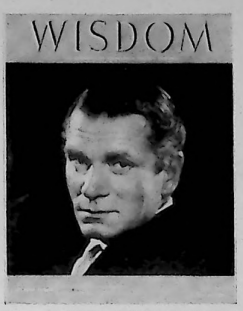

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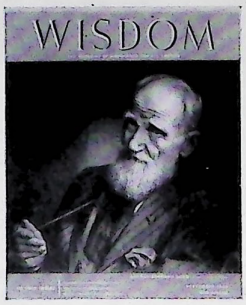

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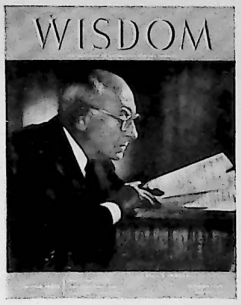

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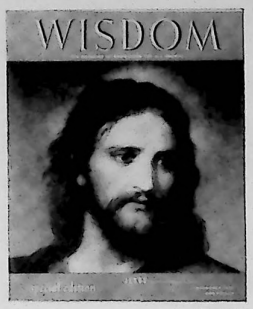

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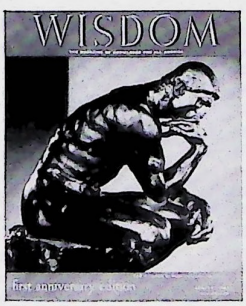
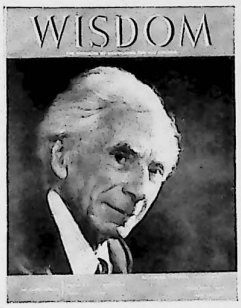


13 THE THINKER *by Rodin*



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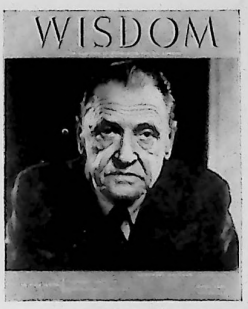

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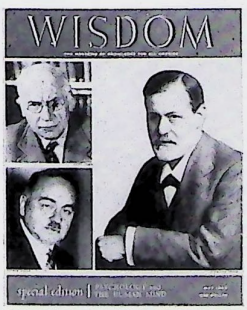

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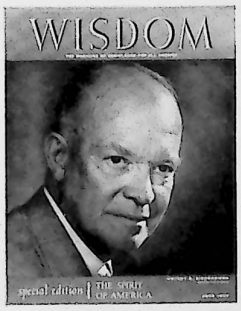

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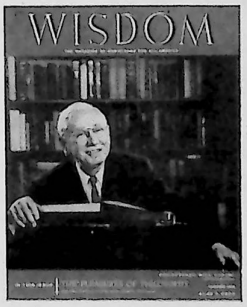

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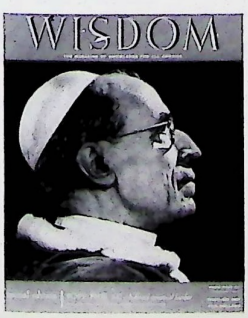

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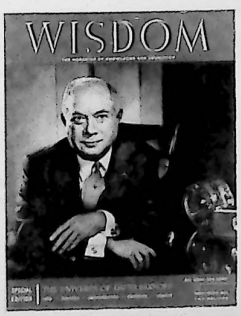

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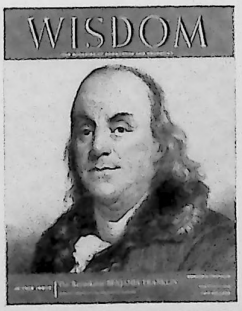

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24 YOUSUF KARSH

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THE MAGAZINE OF KNOWLEDGE AND EDUCATION